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MAPLEHURST;

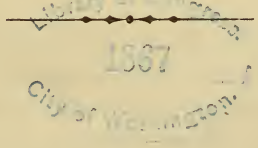
OR,

Campbellism not Christianity,

BY MRS. JENNY BEAUCHAMP.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY A. P. WILLIAMS, D. D.



SAINT LOUIS:
P. M. PINCKARD, NOS. 508 AND 510 PINE ST.
1867.

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INTRODUCTION

It has been my privilege to examine the manuscript of a new work on Campbellism, written by Mrs. Jenny Beauchamp, designed for the young. The plan of the work is, I think, well conceived, and well executed; and I trust it will meet a general circulation and reading.

It is true that the field it surveys has been gone over and pretty thoroughly gleaned by several able writers amongst us, yet the subject is one upon which we can well afford to have "line upon line and precept upon precept." The true position of Campbellism ought to be thoroughly understood by our people, but I apprehend that it is not. We do not read as much as we should on the subject.

But one may be ready to ask: Has not enough already been *written* on the subject? and ought we not to be content with the works we have without thrusting another upon the attention of the public? I would answer: All the works that have hitherto been published are mainly of a

rigidly exegetical and logical character, and hence adapted to minds accustomed to severe reading. Hence they do not interest the *young* so much as the more mature. But the following work is interspersed with narrative as well as argument, so as to make it pleasant to the young reader, and thus to insinuate divine truth into the youthful mind without requiring laborious thought and severe investigation.

Mrs. BEAUCHAMP has, I think, mastered her subject. She has read attentively and understandingly the writings of Mr. Campbell and others of the "Current Reformation;" and she has given life pictures of the practical workings of the system. The arguments on our side of the questions at issue between us and the "Reformers" are also well presented. There may, perhaps, be some difference of opinion in reference to the meaning of some texts of Scripture now and then brought forward; but this is no more than might be expected of any other work on the subject.

I would take this occasion to urge upon all the members of our churches, especially the young, to read and study until they are masters of this subject. Campbellism is an ingeniously planned system, and well calculated to deceive the unrenewed and superficially instructed. It runs thus: (1)

First facts; (2) Testimony; (3) Faith or belief; (4) Repentance; (5) Baptism, or obedience; (6) Remission; (7) The Holy Spirit; (8) A life of good works; (9) Final salvation.

Now, to some minds this system appears very plain and very philosophical; but it is radically defective. It never can save a depraved, lost, guilty and condemned sinner.

(1) The faith of which it speaks is not the faith of the gospel. Its faith is the simple belief of facts; but the faith of the gospel is a combination of assent with reliance, and of belief with trust. Its faith is the simple product of testimony; but the faith of the gospel is the gift of God (Eph. ii. 8; Phil i. 29); the fruit of the Spirit (Gal. v. 22). Its faith is a mere mental assent; but the faith of the gospel includes the affections of the heart (Rom. x. 10; Acts viii. 37).

(2) Its repentance is outward, consisting in reformation; but the repentance of the gospel is internal as well as external. It involves a change of the mind as well as a change of the life.

(3) It has the remission of sins conferred upon the sinner on account of his compliance with what it conceives to be the *conditions* of pardon; but, according to the gospel, remission, so far as the sinner is concerned, is a gratuitous bestow-

ment. It is the blessedness of the man to whom the Lord imputes righteousness without works (Rom. iv. 6). And David, in describing it, says: "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blesseth is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity." (Ps. xxxii. 1, 2.) But while this blessedness is gratuitous with regard to the sinner, it is nevertheless bestowed consistently with justice, because it is bestowed by virtue of what Jesus has done, in his life and death, for the sinner. The gospel "declares his righteousness for the remission of sins which are past through the forbearance of God," and "sets him forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood." (Rom. iii. 25.)

(4) It has the sinner to progress thus without any aid from the Holy Spirit. His faith, his repentance, his obedience, are all such as unchanged, unaided human nature can exercise and perform. But the faith, the repentance and the obedience required by the Gospel must be preceded by that quickening power of the Spirit which makes the tree good that the fruit may be good.

(5) And, finally, while it teaches that the sinner brings himself into a state of justification by complying with what it is pleased to call "the terms of remission," it also teaches that he at

last gets to heaven by virtue of his continuance in a course of well-doing. With this system there is no such thing as "*getting religion;*" it is all "*doing religion.*" It is a system of *works* from beginning to end. But the Gospel system is a system of *Grace.* "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the Gift of God." (Eph. ii. 8.)

But I forbear, and will step out of the way that the reader may advance to the intellectual feast set before him, praying that he may know the truth, and by it be made free.

A. P. WILLIAMS.

MAPLEHURST.

"Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

CHAPTER I.

JESSIE LOVELACE.

The last rays of the setting sun glanced through the thick foliage of Maplehurst as the family group of the parsonage seated themselves on the veranda. Roses, and woodbines, and night-blooming jassamines filled the air with perfumes, and the evening breeze, like a sportive spirit, shook the clinging vines, rocked the tall, old trees, and fanned the grateful cheek.

Maplehurst, the parsonage provided by the Tarrington Church, had been Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace's home during his long and prosperous pastorate. They found it a cold, hard pile, but their artistic taste had changed it into a paradisiacal retreat. Their hands had set the flowering trees, nurtured the scented shrubs, and woven the trellissed vines. They had trained the English ivy

over its dark, brown walls, and shaded its low porches, which gave it an antique, sombre air, peculiarly fitting the place and circumstances. But whilst Maplehurst was *surrounded* by Nature's sweets, it *contained* superior attractions. Around its hearthstone had been reared the altar of prayer. It was the sanctuary of religion, the abode of intelligence, the scene of all the gentle amenities of life.

> "There woman's voice flowed forth in song,
> And childhood's tale was told,
> And lips moved tunefully along
> Some glorious page of old."

Tarrington was a rural village in the Valley of the Mississippi. Its spires could be seen from Maplehurst, peering above a neighboring hill. It was situated in the midst of an agricultural country. Its people were not subjected to the temptations of a manufacturing town, and consequently had not imbibed its corruptions. A considerable portion of this plain and peaceful community were Baptists. To them Mr. Lovelace had sustained the relation of pastor many years.

As an under shepherd, he had faithfully tended the flock—feeding them on the words of divine truth, discreetly keeping them off the pastures of unprofitable discussions, and giving the alarm at the approach of danger.

He had visited the sick, comforted the mourner, reclaimed the wanderer, and under many and various circumstances officiated at the altar and the tomb.

He had often been permitted, after showers of divine grace, to lead many to the green pastures and beside the still waters. In his care and tenderness for the young convert, he had, indeed, borne the lambs in his bosom. Richly had he been repaid for these faithful pastoral assiduities, by the prosperity of Zion and the affection of his people. Exalted position, and sounding titles conferred by the schools, could not have secured this affection.

* * "The most loved of earth
Are they of whom fame speaks not
In her clarion tones, in regal halls.
* * * The vale,
With its deep fountain, is their choice:
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps, 'till silently they die,
As fades a stream from summer's burning eye."

Mr. Lovelace had been rewarded by the blessing of God. This is bestowed not so much on the learned ministry, as upon faithful pastoral labor.

It had ever been Mr. Lovelace's aim to keep goats away from the flock.

He believed the church should comprise only those who had been *called out* of Nature's dark-

ness into the glorious light and liberty of the Gospel. He knew the unregenerate, whatever be their influence or position, prove only a blemish and a curse. He found it required great wisdom and firmness to guard the spirituality of a church, that it often involved censure and distrust, but having the glory of God at heart, he faltered not. After awhile the blessing came. In consequence of his vigilance, peace and prosperity reigned within his borders. Under these faithful labors, the church had, indeed, become a house of prayer.

But the grace that flowed so freely through his ministrations to bless other souls, had never visited his own child. This was the great grief of his life. He was often permitted to hear the cry of new-born souls in the camp of Israel, but his joy was subdued by the thought that she, whom he loved, was still dead.

Hitherto he had waited the good pleasure of the Lord with patience, while he failed not to instruct, admonish and entreat; but, of late, he contemplated her condition with great pain.

Jessie Lovelace was just in that transition state where girlhood merges into womanhood.

With trembling interest we gaze on the young virgin moon, as she hangs on the verge of the horizon, and wonder if she will pursue her course

with undimmed splendor and purity, and set at last in the glorious effulgence of the morning. Thus he deliberated over his daughter's future. Her strong intellect, her ardent temperament and glowing imagination would have excited the vanity of a worldly-minded parent; but his appreciation of these gifts only served to intensify his concern. He knew that these gifts increase our obligation to God, and, if unsanctified, arm us with a double power for the accomplishment of evil. His eye could not but rest with pleasure on his lovely child, who inherited his own strongly marked features, softened by her mother's loveliness; still he did not find "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," for he reflected that superior personal attractions would expose her to the adulation of flattery and the seductions of worldly applause. He knew the blooming cheek and sparkling eye are not to be compared to the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Had he possessed less discernment in spiritual matters he might have mistaken her warm sympathy and natural veneration for the operations of grace, but he well knew these might be the workings of the unregenerated heart. She knew the doctrines of grace theoretically, but had never given evidence of a personal interest in

them. She was a sinner, but never felt or mourned her want of holiness, consequently she had no real trust in Jesus.

Indeed, she found it hard to convince herself that she was the lost, undone sinner the Gospel addressed.

Had she not ever maintained a strictly virtuous life, giving implicit obedience to the commands of her parents? Was not her amiability the theme of every tongue? When urged to repent, she scarcely knew what to repent of. How hard to have a sense of sin when she had never committed a crime.

She had been taught the duty of self-examination, but she found it easier to examine every thing else, in heaven or earth, than her own heart.

She could determine something of the laws that govern this universe, but could not determine the motives of her own conduct.

She had never appreciated the sins of the soul; the greatest of which is hatred to God.

She unconsciously embraced the falsehood indulged by every unregenerated mind, that God estimates sin as we estimate it.

As she had never seen the exceeding sinfulness of sin, so she had never felt the displeasure

of God. If we would know what God thinks of sin, we have only to contemplate the cross, under the influence of the Spirit. It is by the enlightenment of the Spirit that we change our minds in regard to sin, or, in other words, that we repent.

"There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes." Jessie belonged to this class.

But was she pure? Had she fulfilled the requirements of the divine law? — "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." This is the first great command. Had she thus given every affection of her heart, every faculty of her mind, and all her physical energies to God? This is the reasonable service due from the creature to the Creator.

Did she thus meet her obligations to God? No! the purest fail, the vilest fail. All stand on a common level before a thrice holy God.

After the family were seated on the veranda, Jessie was sent to the library for the old family Bible, and to the kitchen to summon aunt Rose; and, when they were all assembled, there went up the evening sacrifice of prayer and praise.

Mr. Lovelace never omitted to make mention of his offspring in his approaches to the throne of

grace. Jessie was accustomed to this from childhood; but this evening it made an unusual impression on her mind.

She sat gloomily apart until the hour came to retire, when she tremblingly returned their fond "good night," but retained her seat. She sat lost in thought till the twilight gloom gathered thick about her; but there was a darker gloom in her mind. If my friends pray so much for me, why do I not pray for myself? she soliloquized. I should surely feel as much concern for my soul as they do? So saying, she arose and went over the formula of prayer she had used ever since her childhood. But she was dissatisfied. She had the witness in herself that she had not in reality prayed. No earnest longings, no soul-felt desire had ascended to the throne of grace. She remembered her father's out-goings of soul in prayer. Perhaps she could pray extempore. So she clasped her hands and raised her eyes reverently, and uttered a few broken petitions. But she desisted. She felt that she was mocking God. Her petitions seemed to rise no higher than her head. The heavens were brass to her unfelt petitions.

The moon had risen. Its cold beams fell around her, but they were not colder than her

own heart. The night winds sighed through the lattice a low, sad song. She turned away, pensively, and sought the solitude of her room.

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUNG LICENTIATE.

One of Mr. Lovelace's excellences as pastor was his appreciation of gifts in the church. He found it not only his duty, but his pleasure to encourage these. Many a gift had, by his influence, become a light in Zion, which, it seemed, would otherwise have remained as a candle under a bushel. Charles Winfield was one of those who had entered the ministry through his influence, though there was a hearty concurrence of the church in the matter. He was the son of Deacon Winfield, a member of the Tarrington church. It must be confessed the good members of Tarrington were guilty of a little worldly vanity when the Deacon's talented son united with the church. From the Deacon's immense wealth, his family occupied a high social position. He counted his broad acres by the thousands, and

had a numerous retinue of servants, and, being somewhat inclined to ostentation, the splendor of his equipage was the admiration of the country. When young Winfield united with the church, the conviction seemed to fix itself on the minds of the members that he was called of God to preach. He had given good evidence of a change of heart, and possessed unrivaled eloquence and extraordinary talents. But the conviction of his call to preach was deepened when he evinced a desire to do so; and accordingly, in a few weeks succeeding his conversion, he was licensed to "exercise his gift." Charles surpassed their most sanguine expectations. It was noticed that his success was not in proportion to his zeal or talents, for he triumphed where men possessing an equal share of these abilities failed. His influence was greatly enlarged by his social position. He was favorably received by all classes. The Baptists began to look on him as a Boanerges; and it must be confessed his pastor sympathized with this vanity to some extent; but he was destined to severe disappointment. God often puts men worshippers to shame and confusion of face. Our idols often turn to clay in our own hands.

Before Charles left for the University, he spent

much of his time in his pastor's study. The Lovelaces were among the favored few embraced in the intimacies of the Winfield homestead.

Notwithstanding the disparity of their outward condition, there was a similarity of tastes — a proportionate cultivation—an indescribable social consanguinity. There was a peculiar and interesting friendship existing between Mr. Lovelace and his protegé. Young Winfield's fine colloquial powers, and his independence of thought and fearless reasoning, made him a charming companion. The profit, as well as the pleasure, of their intercourse was mutual. Mr. Lovelace, though an old theologian, found Winfield able to measure arms with him in argument. Where one excelled in knowledge, the other surpassed in enthusiasm and vigor of thought. Mr. Lovelace found it necessary to burnish his sword before meeting the young champion; but such was his pride in his "son in the Gospel," as he was wont to call him, that the vanquished seemed as much pleased as the victor when Charles chanced to bear off the palm.

Charles usually left the study about the time of Jessie's hour to practice on the harp, for the ostensible reason to hear her play; but the intervals in the music were decidedly protracted, so

that the tea bell often rang and found him still there. Mr. Lovelace jocosely inquired of Jessie if she were giving Mr. Winfield music lessons, which was answered by a burning blush. Could Mr. Lovelace have looked into Winfield's heart he might have answered his own question. He should have seen that she had touched the finest chords of his being, which gave forth a melody divine. The music of the spheres was tame compared to the harmony of soul which thrilled with bliss every fibre of his being while he lingered in her charmed presence. Many a goddess of fashion, blazing in diamonds, would have felt flattered by his courtly attentions. But no queenly Rose, in the parterre, ever charmed him so much as this little wayside flower. Might he pluck it and wear it in his bosom? The thought came again and again; but he felt it almost wrong to try to induce one of her tender years to assume the duties and responsibilities of the conjugal state. So, when he departed for the university, he left her, if not "in maiden meditation, fancy free," at least free from a marriage engagement.

Winfield was a racy writer. Mr. Lovelace found his correspondence almost a compensation for the loss of his society.

For some time after his departure there fol-

lowed a regular interchange of letters between the friends. Then came a change. Some months followed, and no letter was received from Winfield. This silence was unaccountable to Mr. Lovelace.

One morning, however, when the good man opened his mail, he was both surprised and pleased to see Winfield's signature to one of his letters. His other mail was hastily glanced over, but this was reserved for a deliberate perusal. He went out into the yard and took a seat under the pearl-flowered Althea, which was his favorite resort. "Why," said he, "Charlie has written me a little book," as he took out several sheets of closely written manuscript. But his look of pleasure changed to pain as he continued to read. For the reader's benefit we make the following extract:

"If I have any skill as a polemic, as you have sometimes intimated, perhaps that is why I am set up in the university as a target for everybody to shoot at. I have been expected to take the pro or con on a thousand and one points. But as you know my passion for disputation, you will readily surmise I was on the alert to gratify these wishes, and you must allow me to say I have scarcely ever been thrown in a tilt. I was not,

however, so fortunate when I encountered Professor Grey. The professor has acquired considerable notoriety in discussion. I was eager to vanquish him. I knew 'he was a foeman worthy of my steel.' I thought I should wear my laurels with great complacency after my triumph. He proposed to discuss the views of the current reformation, of which he is a champion. I hesitated. I had given them but little thought. I doubted their claims to orthodoxy. I never heard them discussed in the pulpit in Tarrington. He attacked the distinguishing doctrines of evangelical religion. I had spent much of my time, since my conversion, investigating these; and I thought I had a clear apprehension of them, and should be able to vindicate them.

"Grey is a most accomplished logician. He is master of a faultless elocution. He thoroughly understands his subject. By extensive research, he has obtained abundant material for the support of his system. He uses his weapons with consummate skill. I was surprised at the vast array of evidence that he brought to bear on his side. I was charmed by the lucid style of his argumentation. I was astonished to find that such doctrines as we are wont to call mysterious, he can make plain to the dullest intellect. He

attaches great importance to words—is, perhaps, a stickler for a pure speech. He thinks the scandalous jargon of Christendom would be silenced, if men would but accept of Bible terms.

"He reasons thus:

"Every Bible doctrine or practice can show Bible precept or precedent.

"The doctrines and practices of the Campbellite Church (he consented to use this name, as it is the *distinguishing* term,) are sustained by Bible precepts and precedents; therefore, they are Bible doctrines and practices.

"I admitted his major term, but required him to prove his minor, after which I should acknowledge the conclusion. Being the challenged party, I occupied the negative. He then led off to show the Bible teaching on the distinguishing doctrines of his church. I regarded, with some indifference, his arguments in favor of the name 'Christian,' which they have assumed.' I also saw but little to oppose in his views of the evil tendencies of creeds; and I approved of his views of the importance of Christian union, though I could not see that he advocated the proper method of obtaining it.

"But when he proceeded to lay before me the Scriptural proof of these propositions, viz.:

"1st. The sinner is converted by the truth without the special aid of the Spirit.

"2d. In the second place he gave his views of the design of baptism.

"My enthusiasm was aroused to the highest pitch. In a month I was expected to reply.

"In the interim I carefully reconsidered all his proof texts, and examined everything of note that had been written on the subject. At the end of the month, my thoughts were in a very crude and perplexed state, and for some ostensible reason I postponed my reply to an indefinite period. My perplexity continued to increase until my mind began slowly to admit conviction. I could not gainsay the teaching of revelation on the subject. The foundation of my preconceived notions was destroyed. I found that I must abandon my position or uphold it in the face of direct scripture proof, which I could not do. I have yielded. I shall no longer fight against the truth. I have counted the cost, which will be the loss of reputation for a time—the displeasure and disapprobation of my friends—the sacrifice of all my cherished hopes and plans for the future—the persecution of a wicked world; but, armed with the panoply of truth, I defy the assaults of a combined world and hell itself. With this I can run through a troop, or leap over a wall. I always

approved of the great object of the reformation—Christian union. The cause is worthy of the greatest sacrifice. How scandalous the divided state of Christendom. How much it hinders the progress of truth. How much it adds to the progress of infidelity. It is the chief agency by which Satan subverts the Gospel. The union of the sects is a most important consummation. To accomplish this, I am willing to spend and be spent. I would love to wear the martyr's crown for such a glorious cause. I write to you frankly of my feelings. You have often approved of my independence of thought. I know your enlarged Christian benevolence. I know you will appreciate my motives and carefully weigh the arguments that prevailed with me.

"Truth—glorious, noble, soul-inspiring truth—is the object of my desire. On her shrine I am willing to immolate my all."

It was these extracts, chiefly, that claimed Mr. Lovelace's attention.

He carefully refolded the letter, and sat a long time, looking upward to the flowery canopy above him. The flowers smiled, and shed their diamond drops around him; but his thoughts were not on the Althea.

CHAPTER III.

A CURSORY VIEW OF CAMPBELLISM.

The succeeding afternoon was spent by Mr. Lovelace in his study, carefully preparing an answer to Charlie Winfield's astounding epistle. He deemed it prudent to use the tone of expostulation and advice, and not suffer him to commit himself to the defense of the system. He foresaw, however, it would be impossible to maintain secresy in regard to his defection; for he knew Winfield would advocate his opinions, regardless of consequences, and this would subject him to the discipline of the church. Mr. Lovelace wrote to him, conscious of the fact that it was his duty to labor to restore him in the spirit of love. He had just sealed and directed his letter as the tea-bell rang.

On his way to the dining-room he encountered a messenger from Deacon Winfield, who handed him a card, inviting himself and family to spend the next day at the "Homestead." Mr. Lovelace readily surmised the object of this, and felt duty bound to accept.

Jessie regarded the event as propitious. She was ignorant of the whole matter. No one had seen the propriety of communicating the truth to

her; so she was in painful suspense in regard to Charlie's silence. She could only explain it on the score of indifference; and the thought went like a dagger to her heart. Perhaps she would hear something to-morrow in extenuation of his conduct that would relieve her suspense. She longed for the morrow to come. When she retired she left the shutters ajar, that she might catch the first streakings of the gray dawn.

When it came she was watching for it. Remembering that her father had decided to start "bright and early," she rose hastily and made her toilette. She donned a snowy muslin, with no ornament save a blue girdle. She combed back her hair in dark glossy bands, revealing to advantage the full width of her tender and melancholy brow. With true, womanly instinct, her mother accounted for the subdued light in her eye, and the unwonted glow on her cheek; but with the reticence of true sensibility, she made no allusions. Aunt Rose was piqued that Miss Jessie did not appreciate the delicious rusk which she had prepared, and her father proposed to visit Parnassus to make arrangements for his ethereal daughter to be fed on ambrosia. To escape his gay banters, she snatched her bonnet and ran down the gravel walk and seated herself in the

carriage, waiting the arrival of her parents. They soon came, and they started. The morning was fine. The morning sun was just gilding the hill-tops, and beyond glittered the spires of Tarrington. Through the interstices of the forest could be seen the river, glancing like a sheet of gold. The air was exhilerating, and filled with perfumes and gentle harmonies. The little birds were making the woods vocal with their gay carolings. This naturally turned the conversation to the subject of ornithology. Then, by an easy transition, it passed to entomology; from thence to ichthyology. Mr. Lovelace at length proposed that they should have some songs, as they had taken a general review of natural science; and Jessie was requested to sing. She consented, and was about to sing "Columbia," but her father declared he would have nothing so stale. "You must improvise," said he. Jessie promised to comply, provided he would repeat an impromptu verse of four lines.

"Well, here goes," said the father.

"Jassamine, sing me a song,
To cheer my heart as we go along;
I tire of the talk of birds and bees,
Of fishes bright, and—and—bugs and fleas."

Jessie's clear, ringing laugh, which followed this, seemed to awake all the merry elfins in the

deep old woods. When their gravity was sufficiently restored, Mr. Lovelace turned to Jessie, saying:

"Now, Miss Improvisatore, let us have the song."

"Oh, how sweet the morning hours,
With their sparkling dew and flowers,
We'll banish care and earthly crosses,——

"While we water here our horses," chimed in her father, as they drove into the sparkling stream.

Jessie's sense of the ludicrous soon overcame the air of pique she tried to assume. Thus pleasantly passed the time away, until they drove up to Deacon Winfield's princely possessions. His palatial residence crowned an eminence. The road wound around the foot of the hill, so as to gain the acclivity by a gentle ascent. The carriage was discerned long before it arrived, and they found the family waiting for them.

Mrs. Winfield, with all her weakness and love of display, gave much evidence of piety. She could not but feel more respect for the Lovelaces than all of the gay and thoughtless pleasure seekers which her high social position naturally drew around her. She manifested a real interest in their society. She was profuse in her regrets to Jessie that Charles and Flora were absent. But

Jessie seemed to enjoy herself, notwithstanding their absence. She seated herself in the bay window, with Flora's new music and magazines, which had accumulated to a prodigious pile since she left for the seminary. Mr. Lovelace and the Deacon immediately repaired to the library, and sat in close conference on the object of the visit. Mr. Lovelace had never seen the Deacon so moved.

"Oh, sir," said he, "if you have any friendship for my family, try to rescue my son from his perilous condition."

Jessie observed a good deal of concern in Mrs. Winfield's voice as she and her mother sat apart absorbed in low conversation, in which she often distinguished the word "Charles." But it was not strange a mother should feel solicitous for her son under any circumstances, especially such a fond mother as Mrs. Winfield. Charles was her pet, her idol. She always believed he would one day be numbered among the great ones of earth. She was somewhat disappointed in his choice of professions; but knowing that ministers often arrive at great distinction, she became at length reconciled.

Thus the day wore on, bringing its meed of pleasure to all but Jessie. She was still in suspense in regard to Charles Winfield's silence

She did not know that he had turned Stoic. He foresaw that his religious belief would be considered an insuperable barrier to his union with Jessie by her parents, so he determined to sacrifice his own happiness rather than destroy the peace of that innocent family. It required all his nerve to support this stoicism in Jessie's absence. Would it remain in her presence? No! The mist would not sooner disappear before the morning sun. Mr. Lovelace's letter had already been dispatched, from which we extract the following for the reader's benefit:

"Doubtless you once considered Campbellism an error too absurd to be supported by a show of reasoning. This is a mistake; Campbellism is supported by a number of plausible arguments. When these were presented you, you were surprised, and yielded your assent when you should have investigated. Novelty is one of the charms of Campbellism, but not its chief charm. It is rational. This is its chief charm. We should naturally expect some mysteries in religion from heaven. Vain reason revolts at this. That which is above her comprehension exposes her impotence. This is displeasing to the natural man. But though the religion of the Bible contains some mysteries, it is perfectly adapted to man. His duty is made clear as a sunbeam, so

that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.

"That which is above comprehension in personal religion, is spiritual influence. The human mind can not understand this. But there are natural operations quite as inexplicable. 'As thou knowest not the way of the Spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child, even so thou knowest not the works of God.'

"This passage asserts that there are operations, both of nature and grace, which we can not understand. One is not to be disputed more than the other, because of its mysteriousness. It is a tendency of the human mind to reduce Christianity to rationalism. This kind of unbelief has assumed a distinct form at various periods of time. A sect, called rationalists, arose in the sixteenth century under the leadership of one Amos Comenius. These rationalists acknowledged the divine origin of Christianity, but denied the 'spiritual and miraculous workings of God.' This error was also the distinguishing feature of 'Naturalism,' which also arose in the sixteenth century. It is the principal feature of Neology—a system which has obtained a fearful influence in Germany. *It is the distinguishing feature of Campbellism,* and never existed in a distinct form

in this country before its rise. This rationalism defies reason and dethrones Christ. It rejects a large portion of the word of God, because it dishonors reason. If we would see the legitimate fruits of this system, we have only to look at the corrupt religious state of Germany. It is infidelity in its most specious garb. While it acknowledges the forms of religion, it denies the essence. It would deceive, if possible, the very elect.

"It seems your first estimate of Campbellism was a true one. *Campbellism is not Christianity.* The fact that Christianity is a system of justification by faith, without the deeds of the law, substantiates this proposition. Campbellism is a system of justification by works, for it teaches that baptism is a condition of justification.

"Campbellism is a sort of scholastic divinity. It would determine questions of theology by reason and argument Its advocates have imbibed much of the spirit of the schoolmen of the middle centuries. They exercise themselves in abstract questions and mere logomachies. They would perplex the orthodoxy by various subtleties. They delight more in tearing down than in building up. Their ministers are mere religious polemics. They busy themselves tithing mint, anise and cummin, while they neglect the weightier matter of the law. The very spirit of these

wranglers is opposed to the spirit of Christ. They are boastful, arrogant, self-confident. They are not among the meek whom God will guide in judgment. They are sectarian, indeed, though they deny it. They labor for the glory of their system. They labor to build up their views rather than to save souls, consequently they glory more over a proselyte than a new convert. *They rely on the strength of their arguments, not on the help of God, and of course believe more in disputation than prayer.*

"Campbellism is a religion of the head, but Christianity is a religion of the heart. Love is the very essence of it.

"Campbellism will neither change the heart nor save the soul. It ignores the vitalizing principle of Christianity—the influence of the Spirit. It subverts the Gospel, giving to baptism the saving efficacy of the blood of Christ. It abounds in falsehoods.

"To establish the falsehood that the Church of Christ had become extinct, was one of the first efforts of Mr. Campbell when he began the so-called reformation.

"But the church was then in existence. Said Christ, 'On this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' It was the stone cut out of the mountain that was

to 'fill the whole earth.' But hear Mr. Campbell on this point: 'The worshiping establishments now in operation throughout Christendom * * * are not churches of Jesus Christ.' Mill. Harr. vol. 3, p. 362.

"Jesus Christ is the head of his church. That the Head existed above eighteen hundred years without the body is absurd. For Mr. C. to attempt to make a body for the great Head was also absurd. The church was never to apostatize. Said Christ to his disciples, 'Lo, I am with you always.' He also promised that the spirit of truth should abide with them. But, according to Mr. C., the Spirit of truth was gone, and all was profound darkness when the Star of Bethany arose. Said he, 'It (meaning the Gospel) was lost in the dark ages, and never until recently disinterred.' Chris. Sys., p. 180.

"Does not this look like the assumption of the Man of Sin? In his opposition to *good*, he produced another resemblance to anti-Christ of a more serious nature. Let us glance back at his early career as a reformer.

"We have shown that the church, of necessity, existed somewhere, and as he opposed every ecclesiastical body, he opposed this. Of his opposition to Mission, Tract, and Bible, and Educational Societies, we have undisputed evidence. See Chris. Bap., p. 4, 15, 135, 80.

"That he, at present, advocates these, is a well-known fact. The Word says, 'If I build again the things which I destroyed, I make myself a transgressor.' Among his first efforts at reformation was an attempt to destroy the influence of ministers of the Gospel. To determine the character of the ministers of that day, we refer you to Robert Semple, John Carr, John Leland, Andrew Broaddus and Dr. Staughton. These men stood as high, to say the least, as Mr. C. They exhibited, in their lives, the peaceable fruits of the Spirit — love, long-suffering, gentleness. Did Mr. C. exhibit in his life these fruits? Did not his influence greatly promote the works of the flesh, such as hatred, strife, debate, emulation, heresy? Ministers, however godly their lives, he styles 'priests,' 'goat milkers,' 'populars, 'hirelings.'

"In the preface to the Christian Baptist it is said Alexander Campbell and his coadjutors, like Luther, attempted a reformation of the church. But we can not see that he presents a parallel to the great reformer of the sixteenth century.

"There was certainly a great disparity in their lives and labors. Luther grappled with the ignorance of the dark ages, Campbell with the intelligence of the nineteenth century.

"Luther contended with the debased clergy of Rome, Campbell with the godly ministers of Christ.

"Luther opposed the corruptions of the apostate church, Campbell the benevolent institutions of Christianity.

"Luther opposed the works of the devil, Campbell the work of the Spirit.

"Luther disenthral'ed the human mind from the manacles of human tradition and superstition, Campbell wove around it a web of sophistries from which he struggled in vain to free himself.

"When he began the so-called reformatione, the Baptist churches excited his bitterest hostility. In these prevailed the doctrine of the spirituality of the Church. They taught that the Church should comprise only such as had been 'born again.' This is the doctrine of the New Testament. We read, in Luke's account of Pentecost, that the Lord added daily to the Church 'the saved,' as the phrase is correctly translated. In order to secure a spiritual membership, they inquired of the spiritual condition of the applicant. The convert is conscious of peculiar exercises of mind. He hates the things he once loved, and loves the things he once hated. He has a new set of feelings, new hopes, new aims, new desires.

"It is only by ascertaining these exercises that

we can judge of his spiritual condition. The applicants were often young and timid females, sometimes the ignorant, and generally those unaccustomed to public speaking, consequently it was with a faltering tone they related their evidences. They told how they had sorrowed for sin, and how they had been brought to the end of their own strength, and led to trust in Christ. We do not deny some betrayed ignorance, and some attempted imposition. But this was the abuse of a wholesome practice that could show Bible precedent. This abuse did not justify Mr. Campbell's sarcasm. His railery, aimed at this point, resembled the effusion of an infidel pen.

"*Against the practice he never brought one scriptural proof to bear.*

"We will suppose a case for the purpose of illustrating our view of Mr. C.'s influence.

"A fallen angel comes to earth. He is permitted to exercise himself as he pleases. Of course it is his pleasure to destroy souls. He knows the surest way to accomplish this is to pervert the religious sentiments of mankind. He is wise and crafty. He looks around and attentively considers the religious condition of the world. He sees the power of Rome declining. It was the masterpiece of Satan for the production of evil. It was wisely adapted to the exigencies of

the times. Man was just emerging from a state of barbarism. Its gorgeous externals and imposing rituals led captive his imagination, and fostered a blind devotion. But he reflected he was not in Rome, but in America, where the masses read the Bible. They know the essentials of religion consist not in externals. With these reflections he soliloquized: 'I must introduce a system suited to the present state of religious knowledge, which will, nevertheless, be subversive of true piety. The human mind can have no clear conception of spiritual influence, and so it is easy to mislead it here. A mistake here is fatal, for this is a vital point. Men have been taught the necessity of spiritual influence. I will induce them to believe in possessing the Scriptures, dictated by the Spirit, they have all the spiritual influence necessary. God has promised his Spirit to them that ask it, but they are not going to ask for the Spirit if they think they have it already. I will repress the spirit of prayer by inducing the sinner to believe he can not pray until he becomes a Christian, and it is certain he will never become a Christian until he prays. I will also revive the old corrupt doctrine of baptismal regeneration. Its enormity has been exposed a thousand times, so I must white the sepulchre, or they will suspect it to be the abode of the dead.

I will teach, not that baptism washes away sin, but that sin is washed away in baptism. Then my mission will be half accomplished; for after getting the sinner into the water, he will become invulnerable to all the shafts of conviction. But for all these pains I must reap some glory. I must see myself at the head of a great religious faction. That the superstructure may be large, I will make a broad basis, which shall be the belief of one truth, viz.: Jesus Christ is the Son of God. This will be broad enough to embrace Arians, Trinitarians, Unitarians, Universalists, &c. On this broad basis all the anti-christian elements may unite. This shall be called Christian union—a misnomer, I grant—but the masses are superficial thinkers. Now, in order to build up my system I must tear down every other, no matter how much good they contain. Gospel ministers and churches must come down or submit to my views; so must Bible, Mission and Tract Societies.'

"Is not this the work of a fiend? Did Mr. Campbell's labors resemble it? There can be but one answer. I believe Mr. C. was the unconscious instrument of Satan for the accomplishment of a great moral evil I presume he was conscientious. He doubtless believed himself a benefit to his race; but this did not make him

so, any more than Robespierre's self conceit made him a benefit to the French nation. No moral arithmetic can calculate the amount of evil he wrought. The faithful page of history still points to the desolation he wrought in Virginia. Like the wild boar of the forest, he wasted the vine of God's own right hand's planting

"Nor was his influence less pernicious in Kentucky. A correspondent gave him the intelligence that the influence of his pen had well nigh stopped missionary operations in that State.

"To how many souls he said peace, peace, when there was no peace. How many have gone to eternity, cherishing the false hope of Campbellism. 'Oh, their end, their dreadful end!'

"Charles, you say to secure Christian union is the great mission of Campbellism. This they have not accomplished, and can not. Were they laboring for Christian union when they scattered the churches of Virginia and Kentucky into a thousand fragments? Instead of uniting the sects, they have added another to the list, the most sectarian sect of all. Their claims to being the sole advocates of Christian union is a cheat. Would they receive our notions of the spirituality of the church, or receive the unimmersed, or sprinkled infants? They would not. They will neither yield their principles, nor admit yours.

They want union, on the Campbellite platform. Every other church is laboring for unity in the same way. Christians, united on the principles of Christianity, is Christian union. They have discarded these principles to a great extent, and of course are not laboring for Christian union.

"Mr. Campbell presented us a broad basis. If he really wished *Christian* union, he should have made it narrow. The way to heaven is narrow. *I am afraid the 'broad road' leads from the broad basis, through the 'wide gate.'* Charles, I fear, in the pride of your intellect, you are forgeting God. If you had remained prayerful and humble, you would not have been given over to believe this lie. Charles, you once felt the love of God in your heart. You were willing to give up all for Christ. You rejoiced with joy unspeakable. You only felt thus while you lived near the foot of the cross, and hourly supplicated help divine. Eventually you became remiss in prayer. Your heart became cold and hard. You began to reason. You decided you had been an enthusiast. What you once attributed to the grace of God, you now call excitement, fanaticism. You no longer depended on the help of God. *The farther you got from God the nearer you got to Campbellism.*

"Beware, Charles, beware. The day of vengeance comes. "Your friend,

"LOVELACE."

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE AND DUTY.

The twilight deepened into night. Flora Winfield stood by her open window, in Madame Estelle's elegant establishment. She beat a gay tattoo on the carpet with her restless little foot. She had surveyed herself, for the twentieth time, in her mirror. Her amber silk hung in faultless folds around her slight form, and harmonized softly with the topaz of her brilliant necklace. The purest lace fell over her bust, and covered her dainty arms. She mercilessly flirted her gorgeous fan, that glanced to and fro in the light like the firefly's burning wing. Her soft blonde complexion was relieved by the flush on her cheek. She took out her jeweled repeater and held it up before her. "Five minutes more," murmured the indignant little beauty, "and I will be 'not at home' to him if he does come."

Just then a servant announced Bernard Holt. Flora descended to the parlor with the imperious air of a princess. Bernard Holt was a young man of sterling sense and unimpeachable moral character. Without the prestige of wealth or family distinction, he had arisen to eminence by

virtue of his noble bearing and native talent. He had chosen the law as his profession, and many augured a bright future for the young templar. He had formed young Winfield's acquaintance at college, and owing to the congeniality of their minds, friendship soon ripened into a pleasant intimacy. He had accompanied him home during vacation, and had thus been thrown into Flora's society, and was, from the first, so dazzled by her beauty as to be unable to distinguish her faults. He lavished on her the wealth of his affections, with the uncalculating simplicity and ardor of youth. This was frankly avowed with all the candor and ingenuousness of true worth. Flora was the spoiled child of fortune. Accustomed to flattery, she was vain ; living without a motive in life, she was capricious, and indulgence had made her selfish. With false estimates of life, of character and of beauty, she had no true appreciation of merit. She was pleased with the éclat of Bernard's name, and returned his sentiments in the mere exuberance of youthful feeling.

She was willing to become engaged to him with or without her parent's consent, but Bernard had a high sense of honor, and had learned their willingness before making Flora proposals. It was decided they should marry when Flora attained a mature age, and as she approximated her eight-

eenth birth-day, he reasonably expected the consummation of his happiness. But, of late, a material change had taken place in his prospects. Bernard Holt had become a Christian. Flora had no serious objections to this, though she wondered anybody of taste could be so old fashioned as to become religious. But when she learned he had decided to be a minister of the Gospel, she was indignant. The idea of her being a *poor Baptist preacher's wife* was absurd. She expected to rustle in sick and flash in diamonds as long as she lived. Was she going to give up all these golden dreams? Bernard was mistaken if he thought so.

She remembered old Mrs. Perkins, who went through life whining her thanks for the pittance bestowed by penurious church members. Was she thus to be an object of charity? She thought not. She was somewhat piqued by her lover's treatment since his conversion.

She acknowledged he seemed more dignified and wiser; but then he never played the devoted now as formerly. He used to declare she was the "ocean to the river of his thoughts"—now he seemed to think and talked about nothing but his Savior. He never flattered her now, but talked to her plainly about her sinfulness. When Flora reached the parlor, Bernard proffered his hand.

She gave her's, saying, petulantly, "Why did you keep me waiting so long? I have been waiting two hours."

Bernard replied evasively.

"Pouring over some musty theology," said she, "or on your knees, forgetful of your promise."

"Well! there was no harm in either; and as to my promise, I have kept that."

"Yes! out of compliance with your conscience."

"It was very pleasant to comply with my conscience."

"Not so pleasant as to read theology, or say your prayers."

"Flora, would you have me neglect my duty to God to seek your society?"

"I would have you neglect *me*, of course."

"I never neglect you when I pray. I remember you always at a throne of grace."

"That is not very complimentary. You think I am dreadfully wicked," persisted Flora.

"Yes; all are, in a state of nature."

"I do not believe it. I call wickedness an unnatural state. Professor Grey thinks so, too. He calls me an unsophisticated child of nature, and says I am just as God made me. He is very wise and learned."

"The Bible says," continued Bernard, "we are, by nature, the children of wrath. "Will you take God's word or Professor Grey's?"

"I do not profess to be a theologian, but Professor Grey is older than either of us, and should be wiser. He says the world is not so bad after all—that there is a misapplication of the faculties, and that men would, generally, make themselves Christians by complying with the easy terms of salvation, if it were not for prejudice. I like his theology; so does brother Charles. I told him how you talked to me about my sinfulness. He said it was very improper to talk to an innocent young girl so. He said you could not expect me to feel like a culprit, as I had never committed a crime."

"Flora, you are in a state of unbelief, and that makes all of your actions crimes in the sight of God. 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.'"

"I shall not discuss theology with you, but Professor Grey's theology suits me. I am naturally a Campbellite, I believe."

"Yes," said Bernard, "*all are naturally* Campbellites. We *all* naturally entertain high notions of our own goodness, and want to save ourselves."

"Professor Grey loves me better than you do," said Flora.

"Flora, because I love you, I am concerned about your eternal interests. I dare not flatter you. I pray God daily to open your eyes to see your condition. I am sure Professor Grey can entertain no kinder sentiment for you."

"I am sure he does. Read this," said she, spreading before him the last page of a daintily written note.

He read: "What shall I call you? Angel, Seraph, Cherub. * * * Shall I dare to woo such sinless purity? * * * Spotless as angel's robe. * * * Heaven would be brighter for your smiles," &c. He remained some time grave and thoughtful. At length he said, "Flora, is it proper for a young lady, who is engaged, to receive letters of that charater?"

"As to my engagement, I am reconsidering that point. I can never be a *poor Baptist preacher's wife*. You must give up your notions of preaching. Will you not?"

Bernard Holt stood aghast. A pallor overspread his face. He had been severely exercised in regard to his duty. Through many trials of faith he had decided to preach the Gospel He saw that to be a minister was to relinquish all hopes of earthly renown, and to choose toil and privation, poverty and suffering. He could

forego that, and brave these. But must he relinquish the cherished dream of life? "Oh, God!" he groaned.

Flora sprang to his side. True sensibility would have desisted, but when she saw his strength waver, she renewed her attack.

"Oh," said she, "for my sake do not preach. To preach is to be poor and humble all your life. You have too much talent, Bernard Holt, to waste in the pulpit. You can be great, and wear laurels. For my sake, Bernard Holt; for my sake." Her hand rested lovingly on his arm, and her sweet eyes, raised pleadingly to his own, were full of tears.

Bernard had met the tempter before, but never in such a witching form. He had triumphed often in the solitude of his closet; could he do it now amid the gentle dalliance of love? He rose to leave. Flora still pleaded, "Will you not think of this, Bernard?"

He did think of it long and bitterly.

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While this scene was enacting in Madame Estelle's brilliant drawing room, one of a different character was transpiring in Professor Grey's study. Since Grey had succeeded in making a proselyte of Winfield, he seemed anxious to in-

doctrinate him, so he induced him to spend much of his time in his study. This time was usually employed in consulting authors, devising modes of attack and defense. Occasionally, however, Winfield entertained his friend by accounts of his pugilistic rencounters with the students. "Why," said he, "our views are sweeping things before them. There is no such thing as resisting our arguments. If we can only be so successful as to excite opposition, we are sure to win. It is the glory of our system that it courts investigation. Its advocates love to stand up for the truth. This was amusingly exhibited at the baptism the other evening. You know Dick, the colored man, who waits in the hall I have often seen him, with the dust brush in one hand and the broom in the other, stand by the hour listening to the boys' discussions, and he has learned many of our arguments. Excuse me, I think he occupies about the same position as 'defender of the faith,' in the ebony lines that you do among the 'upper tens.' He was baptized the other evening, and said he, as he came up out of the water, 'Now, I am ready to 'spute the Gospel.' Some of the boys cried 'bravo.' I could not help laughing."

It was an amusing exhibition of the spirit of

our people. They are not afraid to 'spute the Gospel with anybody. As the laugh subsided the messenger arrived who had been dispatched for their mail, and both were soon silently engaged in reading the same. Winfield at last came to Lovelace's letter. He read it, and re-read it.

He was chafed. Can this be the affectionate Lovelace? Alexander Campbell compared to a devil, and I am coolly told I believe a lie. I expected to treat him with deference for Jessie's sake; but if he is her father, I shall teach him I am not to be treated in this manner. He thinks I am the advocate of an abominable heresy. He shall see I occupy an incontrovertible position. He shall acknowledge it, too, one way or another. But he will not discuss the subject with such a boy as he thinks me. So we will get Grey to challenge him. If he refuses it will be a tacit acknowledgment of our strength; if he accept, it will be easy to refute him in argument.

When he finished reading, he threw the letter over to the Professor. As he anticipated, he was indignant, and readily entered into his views of the challenge. "But," said Grey, "I prefer an oral discussion."

"It is not likely," replied Winfield, "he will consent to that. The people of Tarrington are

not interested in the subject of Campbellism, and as Mr. Lovelace thinks it a dangerous thing, he will not be the means of introducing it to their attention. But we will engage him in discussion, and then publish it. This he can not refuse, unless he feels he has been vanquished."

The next morning the following note was dispatched to the Tarrington pastor:

"MR. LOVELACE—*Sir:* I have just read your animadversion of what you are pleased to term 'Campbellism.' I see you labor under a gross misconception of our views. You speak contemptuously of the arguments that prevailed with Mr. Winfield. I suppose you stand ready to refute them. Then, are you willing to maintain the negative of the discussion, as proposed between myself and Winfield? He joined issue with me upon two important and distinguishing dogmas, viz.:

"1. The sinner is converted by the truth, without the special aid of the Spirit.

"2. The second proposition relates to the design of Baptism.

"If you decline discussing the subject, we shall take it as a tacit acknowledgment of the strength of our position. "Respectfully,

"GREY."

"Mr. Grey—*Dear Sir:* You urge me to discuss with you some of the distinguishing doctrines of Campbellism. A month ago I should have refused, for want of interest, but I have lately had my attention strongly directed to the soul destroying errors of the system. I am willing to hear what you have to say in extenuation of it, and in return shall candidly give you my views.

"You politely inform me that I labor under a gross misconception of your doctrines; then be pleased to state them in plain, unequivocal language, and in a concise and perspicuous form.

"Truly, "Lovelace."

CHAPTER V.

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE.

After a few days of investigation, Prof. Grey dispatched the following in manuscript to the Tarrington pastor:

"Mr. Lovelace—*Dear Sir:* I proceed, without preliminary remarks, to the discussion of our first proposition, namely: 'The sinner is con-

verted by the truth, without the special aid of the Spirit.'

"We acknowledge man is a fallen being. By voluntary transgression, he fell from a state of favor to one of condemnation, and we acknowledge a change of condition is necessary in order to his salvation. But we maintain that the sinner has within himself the moral, or spiritual, power to turn himself to God, and savingly believe by virtue of the truth. It is the truth that converts; but as that truth was dictated by the Spirit, we may, with propriety, attribute conversion to the Spirit. The Bible is an inestimable boon to man. We should beware how we underrate its importance. It restores to man the knowledge of God, which he had lost; and is a permanent transcript of the divine mind. It is the revelation of God's will concerning us, which we could not have retained through the imperfect and fluctuating medium of tradition. It opens to his understanding the plan of salvation, and contains within itself motives sufficient to secure his obedience. In this sense, we believe the gospel is the power of God unto salvation. You maintain that a higher and distinct power is necessary, in order to make the word effectual in conversion. This is contrary to the teachings of inspiration. Conversion, or an effect equivalent

to conversion, is often ascribed to the word. We are told, 'The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul;' and also, 'The entrance of thy word giveth light;' and again, 'Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God;' and also, 'Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth.' These passages, without any comments, are sufficient to illustrate the way that the sinner is converted.

"In the second place, we affirm that the sinner has within himself the ability to comply with the great requirements of the Gospel. Now, what are the great requirements of the Gospel? Says Peter, 'Repent, and be baptized, for the remission of sins;' and again we are told, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' We are justified, therefore, in saying, faith, repentance and baptism are the great requirements of the Gospel. Now, let us see if we are able of ourselves to comply with these. How do we believe? Paul says: 'Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.' So we believe simply by hearing the word of God. To hear the voice of the Spirit is nothing more nor less than to hear, or read, the record God has given of his Son. Said Alexander Campbell, the great expounder of our

views, 'All who hear the Spirit of God (and all who live in these United States may hear) have all the natural inability removed, and faith is just as easy as it is to hear and see.' He also says, further: 'I rejoice to know that it is just as easy to believe as it is to hear and see.'—Chr. Bap., p. 438. Man is a credulous being. Give him a certain amount of evidence and he can not withhold conviction. Give him the light of truth, and he can not help seeing. There is, however, a difference in faith. To believe the correctness of a mathematical demonstration, or a statement in profane history, is faith, but not Christian faith. Christian faith is a belief of the things related of Christ. It is summed up in these words: 'I believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God.' This is an epitome of saving faith. What beautiful simplicity! There is a difference also in the degree of faith. I believe, with some reservation, the statements of fallible men, but I can not doubt the word of God. As there is a difference in strength of evidence, so there is a difference in the assurance of faith.

"This is the only faith that can justly be demanded of us, in order to Church privileges. This is the Christian's creed—the only creed to which we should subscribe. Faith in Christ is nothing more than a belief of the facts recorded

of him. Evidence alone produces it; testimony only is necessary to it. In the Christian economy, faith comes first. "He that cometh to God, must believe that he is." So faith comes before repentance. But what is repentance? The received notion is, it is sorrow for sin. This is fanaticism, and the idea is unauthorized by the original. It is such a change of mind as produces a change of life. Therefore, *metanoi* should be translated *reformation*. But how do we reform our lives? What is the first required act? It is, undoubtedly, baptism. No repentance is genuine that does not lead us to the water. We never repent while we continue disobedient. Of our ability to thus reform our lives, there can exist no doubt in a reasonable mind. We can all, under ordinary circumstances, submit to the ordinance of baptism.

"We have already seen that we can by our own unaided powers exercise faith, for 'assistance to believe is a metaphysical dream.' We have also seen that we can repent in the sense in which the Spirit uses the word, and that we can be baptized, which is the essential part of repentance or reformation. Therefore, we assert, man has within himself the ability to comply with the grand requirements of the Gospel.

"In the moral renovation of the soul, man needs no further aid than is derived from divine truth alone. In proof of this we may adduce the fact that Paul commanded the Ephesians to 'Be renewed in the spirit of their minds.' And God required of the Jews to make themselves *new hearts.* Hence follows our third proposition, which is:

"As God is a being of justice, he can require nothing of his creatures which they have not the ability to perform. God requires men to believe and obey the Gospel, so he must have the ability to do this in and of himself. Pharaoh required the Hebrews to make brick when they had no straw, but more tyrannical would have been his requirement had the Hebrews been paralyzed, or in some way incapable of muscular motion. And just such a tyrant you make God. God says: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned.' Can God require man to believe and obey the Gospel and threaten him with hell fire if he does not when he lacks the power to do so? This is inconsistent with his character.

"The doctrine of the necessity of spiritual influence is subversive of all praise being attached to holiness or blame to guilt. If we are saved,

it is because the Spirit, by a mighty, internal and efficacious agency, effects our conversion; if we are lost, it is because he fails to do this.

"This doctrine also casts the aspersion of injustice on the doctrine of rewards and punishments. Why should we be rewarded for what another performs, or punished for what he withholds? When we hear the calls of mercy we are perfectly conscious of our ability to respond, and this very consciousness aggravates the guilt of our rejection. Take away this consciousness and you take away the sense of obligation.

"The doctrine of spiritual influence is confuted by the teachings of revelation on the subject of man's accountability. He is everywhere said to be condemned for a rejection of the Gospel, and nowhere for a want of spiritual influence. I regard this argument unanswerable.

"Our fourth argument is based on the doctrine of man's free agency. That man is a free agent, we regard as a first truth. The general sense of mankind assents to this fact—that we do as we please. It is also established by the unmistakable evidence of intuition. We know that we choose and reject at pleasure.

"'Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost,' is a text of Scripture attended with no peculiar difficulty if it refers simply to a reception or rejection

of the word of God, but on the supposition of spiritual influence is inexplicable, for is not that Spirit omnipotent? Shall frail man talk of resisting his power?

"If we are the subjects of the special influence of the Spirit, we are mere machines, moved by the will of another; and conversion is not our own act, but the act of another, for which we deserve no praise, much less the reward of eternal felicity. Man can be held accountable for conversion only by consideriug it the untrammeled act of the creature.

"Our fifth argument refers to the nature of spiritual influence. Man has a compound nature, physical and mental. Each nature has its respective influence. We are highly susceptible to the influence of light and heat, and all the ponderable agents; but our minds are susceptible to intellectual influences only. We can not influence the mental nature by impact, that is, by the direct and subtle contact of spirit upon spirit. We hear some talk of the Spirit entering a man. This is the gross conception of the vulgar. How does he enter a man? By the hand, or at the elbow, or where? The only way to reach this inner nature is by thoughts, and thoughts are not thoughts until they are clothed in words. Hence it follows that the inspired word is the only influ-

ence of the spirit we possess, or can receive. Said Mr. Campbell: 'We plead, all the converting power of the Holy Spirit is exhibited in the divine record.' The influence of the truth is all the influence a man needs in conversion. If this record contains not sufficient influence to convert the sinner, then more thoughts should be added to revelation; and hence follows our

"Sixth argument, which relates to the completeness of revelation. God, who knew what was in man, in giving him a revelation, gave him one perfectly adapted to his condition. The necessity of revelation arises from the insufficiency of the teachings of nature. From this the most cultivated minds can obtain, by a tedious process of reasoning and labored analogies, only feeble motives to holiness. This influence is greatly circumscribed. Now, we need a revelation, to give us full information in regard to our duty; and it should present motives sufficient to induce us to its performance, or that revelation is imperfect; but we are told that the law of the Lord is perfect. It lacks nothing. It contains all the arguments necessary to converting the soul. When we assert some other influence is necessary to converting the soul, we detract from the perfection of God's word. The words of John,

which closes the canon of Scripture, show that the word of God is complete. It declares nothing shall be added to, or taken from it. And why should aught be added?

"Look at the overwhelming motives it presents to the mind. It presents the terrors of hell to dissuade men from vice, and joys of heaven to allure them to holiness. It presents the story of the cross, to melt and subdue the heart and engage the affections. Truly may Jehovah say, 'What more can I do for my vineyard than I have done?' So I conclude the word of God needs no extraneous influence to become efficient. With this I close, believing we are the only true defenders of the faith on earth.

"Respectfully, "GREY."

Professor Grey immediately despatched his chaste, elegant epistle. It had cost him several hours thought. He felt he needed relaxation. How welcome the cooling shades and the delicious draughts of the green oasis, as we travel over the burning sands; or when we clamber up the mountain steeps, how sweet to find the little flower, whose beauty and fragrance regale the senses, and steep the heart in a delicious balm. Madame Estelle's drawing room afforded the Professor this green oasis, and Flora Winfield was

the lovely mountain flower. Flora always felt flattered when the grand Professor called. She determined to make a sensation. So she practiced on him all her pretty arts. She laughed, to show her pretty teeth; rested her head on her snowy hand; veiled her face with her dancing curls; or threw them back to reveal her beaming face or dulcet throat. But the Professor understood the game she played, and teased her no little. He declared he should have her burned for a witch.

Flora was wise, so she changed her tactics. She appealed to his understanding.

She brought him hard questions to explain. She looked up to him with childish reverence. He was so wise, she said. This was delicious. Flora was wiser then.

She came down this evening with the air of a little sage, and took her seat before him on the low ottoman. She told him she had been thinking till her head ached. She had been puzzling over a question in theology. "What was meant by a call to the ministry?"

"What put that into your head?" asked the Professor.

"I will tell you, if you will tell me what it means."

"I will give you my views," said he.

"Well, I was trying to persuade Bernard Holt to choose some other profession, and he said he believed he was called of God to preach."

"Ha, ha," laughed the Professor. "Why did you not ask him if he heard the voice?"

"Do you suppose he meant that, indeed?"

"I do not know; there is a great deal of superstition in the world."

"You do not believe a man is called of God to preach, do you?"

"Oh, yes, in one sense. When God gives a man such natural endowments as adapts to one sphere, he is called of God to fill that sphere; but one man is no more called of God to preach the Gospel than another is to practice law."

"Then," asked Flora, "a man may choose any profession, without sinning, that is not bad in itself?"

"Certainly; though if he should choose a profession for which he is not properly endowed and qualified, he will not be likely to succeed."

"Every one that heareth the Gospel is called of God to preach. 'Let him that heareth say come.'"

The little minx shook her curls, and declared

she would remember all this, and tell Bernard the next time she saw him.

"Well," said she, naively, "do you think I am called of God to be a minister's wife?"

"Candidly, I should think not," answered the Professor, applying the case to Bernard, without thinking how it might effect his own happiness some day.

CHAPTER VI.

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE—CONTINUED.

"PROFESSOR GREY—*Dear Sir:* I have carefully read your argument in support of your first proposition: 'The sinner is converted by the Word of Truth, without the special aid of the Spirit.' Before examining the points of difference between us, it will be necessary to determine the points of agreement. We agree that man is a depraved being, though we differ as to the extent of his depravity. We agree that the Truth is a means of conversion; yet I maintain that, though the Truth is a means of conversion, the Spirit is the efficient agent. You attribute this efficiency to the Word. The first argument is this: Conver-

sion is often attributed to the Word; and you quote several passages of Scripture in proof of this. This I freely admit. But conversion is also ascribed to the Spirit. 'So is every one that is born of the Spirit.' 'But ye are washed, ye are sanctified * * * by the Spirit of our God.' Says Peter, 'Elect through the sanctification of the Spirit.' Conversion is also attributed to both the Word and the Spirit: 'Hath chosen you through the sanctification of the Spirit and the belief of the Truth.' 'Seeing that you have purified yourself in obeying the Truth through the Spirit.' I may, with as much propriety, say the sinner is converted by the Spirit alone, without the Word, as you can say he is converted by the Word alone, without the aid of the Spirit. When conversion is attributed to the Word, the instrument is put for the agent. This figure of speech is very common in the New Testament, as well as in ordinary conversation. Take a familiar illustration: 'The Romans put the Sebeans to death by the sword.' But because it is elsewhere stated that the Sebeans were killed by the sword, shall we deny that the Romans were the agents in their destruction? Take another example: 'The woodsman felled the tree with the axe.' Now, because the tree is felled by the axe, shall

we say it is not the work of the woodsman? The relation of the Romans to the sword, and the woodsman to the axe, is closely analogous to the relation of the Spirit to the Word, in conversion. The Word is the means by which the Spirit operates.

"In Eph. vi. 17, the word of God is said to be 'the sword of the Spirit.' The sword is utterly powerless without the hand that wields it. This is too evident to need amplification. So we conclude that, in conversion, the Spirit is the efficient agent, and the Word is the honored instrument.

"You next argue that the special influence of the Spirit is unnecessary, because man has within himself the ability to meet the requirements of the Gospel.

"Had my knowledge of your system been confined to your rejection of Spiritual influence I should have inferred that you held an error in regard to human depravity. Those who advocate partial depravity always advocate indifferent means of moral renovation. Many object to the term 'total depravity.' If used in respect to human virtue, the terms are not proper; but if used in respect to holiness in the soul, or the power of producing holiness, they are; and in this sense I become the firm and uncompromis-

ing advocate of the doctrine. And just here let me entreat you to look well to the foundation of your system. Right here we detect the errors of Armenianism, Socinianism, and, allow me to add, Campbellism, and every other system that advocates insufficient means of spiritual restoration.

"If man is partially depraved, a reformation will answer; but if he is totally depraved, nothing short of a new creation will do. A reformation, so far as respects his position among men, will answer, but it is powerless to cleanse and save the soul. As the necessity of the special influence of the Spirit arises from the depravity of the human heart, let us see what the Bible teaches upon this point. Gen. vi. 5: 'God saw the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.' Says the Psalmist: 'None doeth good.' Ecl. ix. 3: 'The heart of the sons of men is full of evil.' Jer. xvii. 9: 'The heart in man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' Eph. ii. 3: 'By nature we are the children of wrath.' Fph. ii. 1: 'Dead in trespasses and sins.' Rom. vii. 18: 'In me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing.' But to place man's depravity, and his inability to meet the requirements of the Gospel, beyond dispute,

it is said (Rom. viii. 7), "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God; neither, indeed, can be.'

"You say faith, repentance and baptism are the great requirements of the Gospel. The Savior teaches otherwise. He tells us that the first and great commandment is this: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.' This law has never been abrogated, nor has another been established superior to it. The goodness of God to us, as exercised through Christ, increases our obligations to love God tenfold. Jesus Christ came to obey the law. By repentance and faith in him, that obedience becomes ours. So repentance and faith, so far from superseding the law, are simply the provisions of the Gospel, by which we meet the demands of the law. By faith we secure the righteousness of the law. If the law was no longer binding, there would be no necessity for faith. All of the law is comprehended in love. 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' Let us see if we have the ability to comply with this requirement, both of the law and of the Gospel. Let us remember God will only accept of a perfect righteousness. What does he require of us? That every affection of the heart, every faculty

of the soul, every energy of the body be devoted to his service; and in no case shall we prefer our own interest or happiness above that of our neighbor. This passes a sweeping condemnation on all the sons and daughters of Adam. It leaves man without a vestige of righteousness, totally destitute of holiness. Now, will you assert, in the face of high heaven, that man has the ability to meet the requirements of the Gospel?

"But grant, for the sake of argument, that man can exercise faith by his own unaided powers and reform his life, as you define repentance to be a reformation of life. And certainly he has the capacity to believe the record God has given of his Son. This is generally received throughout Christendom. Suppose he possess not only this dawning state of faith, but a faith immeasurably greater—a faith to remove mountains—still, says Paul, we are nothing without love. 'Though I understood all things,' not only knew the record God has given of his Son, but could go back to the farthest eternity and comprehend all the secrets of the Godhead, the nature of the Sonship, know everything in the unfathomed past or the unrevealed future, understood everything that pertains to the scheme of redemption, though we had *all knowledge*, still without love we are nothing. As to a reformation of life, suppose we

bestow all our goods to feed the poor, and, in the intensity of our zeal, we give our bodies to be burned, still without love it profiteth us nothing. Then no measure of faith and no outward act can secure the salvation of that soul that does not love God. What, then, is the essential thing? Paul says it is love. Whenever there is begotten in the soul a principle of love to God and man, that soul is regenerated. 'Every one that loveth is born of God.' 'Hereby we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.' But what is it that begets this principle of love in the soul? Does the sinner produce it in himself? Can he tear his affections from the things of time and sense, and make God the object of his supreme regard? Nay, verily. As well may we expect the tide that pours its impetuous torrent down the mountain side to roll backward in its channel. Does the study of God's word produce it? If so, we yield the discussion of the first proposition, and acknowledge the sinner is converted by the Truth without the aid of the Spirit. We will let Paul answer: 'The love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given us.' Love is also said to be the fruit of the Spirit. So we see that love is the grand requirement, both of the law and the Gos-

pel, and that every one that loveth is born of God, and this love is put into the heart by the Holy Ghost.

"Suppose, for the sake of argument, men have all the ability to meet the requirements of the Gospel. Why do they not do it? They have all the evidence to produce faith. They have line upon line, and precept upon precept. They have from time to time the great motives of the Gospel presented to their minds from the sacred desk. Still the great mass of the people are indifferent. Why do they not turn from sin? Because they love it. Why do they not turn to God? Because they are averse to holiness. Christ says, 'Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life.' Sinners are not willing to come. Can they make themselves willing? 'It is God that worketh in you to will.' Can they turn from what they delight in? Can they love what they hate? 'The carnal mind is enmity against God'—not at enmity, but is itself enmity—'not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.' An impure fountain can only send forth an impure stream. The stream will be impure until the fountain is made pure; so the carnal mind can send forth no holy affections or desires until it is changed. The sinner has no disposition to forsake sin and come to God.

How does he get this disposition? 'It is God that worketh in you to will and to do.' 'The preparation of the heart, as well as the answer of the tongue, cometh from God.' 'My people shall be willing in the day of my power.'

"Has man the ability to come to Christ of himself? Jesus says he has not. 'No man can come to me, except the Father which sent me draw him.' This coming to God is conversion. Then are we not justified in saying, it is an influence distinct from, and above, the Truth that converts the sinner?

"You say that faith is based upon testimony, and give men the light of evidence and they are bound to see. But the sinner is blind. Says the Word: 'Ye are blinded by the God of this world.' He has eyes, but he sees not. Can we make the blind see, by giving him light? No! If we increase the light tenfold the blind will not see. So, if you add evidence to evidence, and testimony to testimony, the sinner will not exercise faith until the Lord disposes him to do so. Trust is an essential part of faith. We will never trust Christ to save us until we are led to see we need a Savior. We must see we are sinners, and see that Christ is not only able to save us, but that he is willing to save us.

"The soil in which the seed sown became fruit-

ful was 'good ground.' So the Lord makes of the heart good ground, before the Word sown becomes fruitful. In order to show that a man has the ability to repent, you make repentance consist in a reformation of life. You doubtless realize that it is easier for a man to change his life than his mind. Does the original justify the construction? It does not. The primary signification of *metanoi* is a change of mind. This you acknowledge. Then it is a most unparalleled perversion of God's Word to translate it reformation. The absurdity of your translation will appear by reading Mat. 3:8, according to your translation. When John saw the Pharisees come to his baptism, he told them, 'Every tree that did not bring forth good fruit should be hewn down.' This good fruit was good works, or a reformation of life, as all will acknowledge. Therefore, Mat. 3: 8 becomes—bring forth, therefore, reformation meet for reformation. This shows how your translation does violence to God's Word.

"From the *use* of the word (*metanoi*), and not from its primary signification, we infer that *metanoi* describes such a radical change of mind as produces a reformation of life. But to substitute the effect for the cause is very erroneous.

"Mr. Campbell found it hard to make repentance, in its true sense of a radical change of

mind, harmonize with his man-made religion, and so he adopted Dr. Campbell's bad translation of this word, which is the scorn of Biblical critics. But, suppose repentance does mean a reformation of life, still we are not saved by this. We have seen that God can accpt only a perfect righteousness. 'He that offendeth in one point is guilty of the whole.' This perfect righteousness man can never render; hence, 'by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified.'

"Nor are we saved by baptism. This is a work of righteousness. 'Thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness,' said Christ, of baptism. But it is said we are 'not saved by works of righteousness which we have done.' Then, though we can comply with the command to be baptized, still this is not the essential thing in conversion, for we are not saved by this.

"Your third argument is based on the justice of God. You argue that, as God is a being of justice, he could never require of his creatures what they are not able to perform. Say you, man is commanded to believe and obey the Gospel, therefore he must be able to do it in, and of, himself: in other words, we are under no obligato perform what we are not able to do. We have already seen our inability to obey the first great command. No man can love God with his whole

heart and his neighbor as himself. We once possessed the power of perfect obedience, but man became a voluntary transgressor, and lost the disposition to obey. But God's law is immutable. It still demands obedience. Because man has changed, shall God change? Shall he relinquish his claims on his creature, because he has debased himself by sin? Does the soldier who cuts off his arm to avoid military duty relieve himself of the moral obligation to serve his country? Certainly not.

"Says Paul, 'The law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth;' and we are all obnoxious to punishment for transgressing the law. We have all sinned, and are justly condemned. Should God omit the penalty, he would be merciful, but not just. Justice requires that the sinner suffer. But 'Christ was made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law.' He rendered perfect obedience to its demands. He took our law place. His righteousness is imputed to us by faith. Being in Christ, we are under the Grace, but not under the law. But is the sinner out of Christ under no obligation to obey the law, because he lacks the disposition? He certainly is not. In refusing to accept of Christ, as the gracious means of escape from the rigors of the law, his punishment becomes doubly just. *So I*

have shown by the justice of God that he does require of his creatures what they are not able to perform, without the aid of another. So your third argument fails to support your proposition.

"You repeat the objection of Mr. Campbell, viz.: The doctrine of the special influence of the Spirit is subversive of all praise being attached to holiness, or blame to guilt, because we can deserve no praise if the Spirit constrains us to goodness. This I freely admit. We are willing to give all the glory to God. 'By grace are ye saved. Not by works of righteousness, which we have done, but according to his mercy hath he saved us.' God conceived the plan of salvation, and sent his Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life; but seeing the perversity of the human heart, he has given us the enlightening, quickening and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit. See Eph. ii. 1; Col. ii. 13.

"In the fourth place you argue that the doctrine of the special influence of the spirit conflicts with the doctrine of man's free agency; for, say you, if we are moved by the Spirit, then man is a mere machine, moved by the will of another. This I deny. An agent is one that acts. A free agent is one that acts freely, or that does as he

pleases. God produces in the sinner holy inclinations, so that he pleases to do right, and in doing right he does as he pleases.

"We put this in the form of a syllogism, so as to fix it on the mind.

"A free agent is one that does as he pleases.

"A Christian, through the influence of the Spirit, pleases to do right.

"Therefore, a Christian is a free agent in doing right.

"You say, 'Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost,' can not refer to the special influence of the Spirit; for as the Spirit is omnipotent, there can be no such thing as resisting omnipotence. Here you attach to the passage the idea of effectual resistance, which the passage does not teach.

"I am sure the Baptists generally do not talk of effectual resistance. On the the contrary, they teach that when God begins a good work in the sinner's heart, he carries it on till the day of Jesus Christ. Does the man under the lion's paw not resist his mighty power? From the instinct of self-preservation he grapples with his foe as long as the feeble powers of life hold out.

"So does the sinner resist the influence of the Spirit as long as the enmity in his heart is alive. Instead of ridiculing the doctrine, we ought to

receive it with a thankful spirit. How often does the Christian, in view of the electing love of God, exclaim —

"'Why was I made to hear his voice,
And enter while there's room,
While hundreds make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?
'Twas the same love that spread the feast —
That sweetly forced me in,
Or I had still refused to taste,
And perished in my sin.'

"Truly, we had never chosen Christ had he not chosen us. We love him because he first loved us.

CHAPTER VI.

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE—CONTINUED.

"You argue, in the fifth place, from the nature of the human mind, the Truth is the only influence possible in conversion, and think the idea of one spirit acting on another, except by thoughts clothed in word absurd. This is the only spiritual influence of which we have a clear conception, but not the only kind that exists. You will acknowledge that Satan has an influence over the

minds of sinners. How? Satan has no Bible. We hold no verbal communication with him. He must influence sinners by an unseen but mysterious influence of his spirit over their spirits. Many passages show this. One will suffice, as the doctrine is not disputed. We read that when Jesus gave Judas the sop, Satan entered into him. You ask how the Spirit enters into a man. Does he enter by the foot, or hand, or where? I ask, how did Satan enter into Judas? Through his foot or hand? When you answer this I will answer your question.

"This was a special spiritual influence of Satan. You give the devil the advantage of God. True, God has given the sinner his Word. This he may read, or he may not, as it chances. But Satan can carry an influence directly to his heart. If the sinner does read, we learn in the parable of the sower, Satan can come and 'catch away the word sown.' So he might prevent conversion in every instance. Speaking after the manner of men, I do not believe it would have been wise in Jesus Christ to have died for sinners had not the earnest of the Spirit been given; for, owing to the perversity of the human heart and the machinations of the devil, it might have happened that not a single soul would have

accepted of salvation. Then his death would have been in vain.

"God's Word teaches that the Spirit operates on the hearts of Christians: 'But ye are not in the flesh, but in the spirit, if so be the spirit of God dwell in you.'

"God has sent forth the spirit of adoption into your hearts, crying, 'Abba, Father!' Christians are called 'the habitation of God, through the Spirit,' 'the temples of the Holy Ghost,' &c. Many more passages might be adduced, but these prove my point. These passages teach the presence of the Spirit in the hearts of Christians.

"Mr. Campbell admits this influence in appearance, but denies it in reality. From some of Mr. Campbell's writings, Christians have been encouraged to think Mr. C. taught the influence of the Spirit in the hearts of Christians. In his debate with Rice, he says, 'I would not value, at the price of a single mill, the religion of any man, as far as respects the grand affair of eternal life, whose religion is not begun, carried on and completed by the personal agency of the Holy Spirit;' and again, 'the soul of man is quickened, enlightened, sanctified and consoled by the indwelling Spirit of the eternal God.' But hear him explain himself: 'The Spirit of God puts forth all its con-

verting and sanctifying power in the words it fills with its ideas;' and again, 'All the influence of God's good Spirit now felt in the way of conviction and consolation, * * * is by the Word written, read and heard.'

"Mr. Lard, in defining Mr. Campbell's position, (Mr. Campbell endorsed his book) says, 'Mr. Campbell's theory is, that conversion is, in every case, effected by the influence of the Spirit, but maintains the truth itself is that influence.' So we see what Mr. Campbell means by the influence of the Spirit. This is his theory, unless he has advocated both sides of the question.

"Conversion is described as a 'birth of the Spirit'—'a resurrection from the dead;' and if the inspired writers used proper figures, conversion can be no easy thing to accomplish—not as easy as it is to hear and see, as Mr. C. asserts, but too difficult for anything short of Omnipotence to accomplish. So we conclude the influence of the Spirit is necessary in conversion.

"Your sixth argument is based on the completeness of revelation. You say that a revelation suited to man's condition must contain all the arguments necessary to turn men to holiness. I acknowledge the completeness of revelation. I acknowledge the arguments of Scripture are

sufficient in number and importance, but I maintain they are insufficient of themselves to convert the soul, and a common sense view of things will convince any reasonable mind of this. Of the thousands who hear the Word read, how many turn to righteousness? Not one in ten. Why? They have all the arguments to convince them to turn. All the motives of the Gospel are presented time and again. Why do they not turn? I answer, because the Spirit has never made the Word effectual in their conversion. The Word is the sword of the Spirit. The sword can do nothing except the Spirit use it. The reason the Word is so seldom blessed to the conversion of souls is, because of the legion of popular systems of error encouraging men to ignore the help of God. They will not look to 'the hill from whence their help cometh.' 'The meek will he guide in judgment.' God has promised his Holy Spirit to them that ask it. I believe no one, guided solely by Campbellism, will ever realize this blessed gift, for they encourage men to believe that, in possessing the words of inspiration, they have the influence of the Spirit already; and men will not pray for what they already have, or believe they have, and God has promised his Spirit only in answer to prayer.

"I have answered all your arguments. I have

one to offer. It is this: God describes the conversion of the Jews thus, 'A new heart will I give you, a new Spirit will I put within you, I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and give you a heart of flesh; and I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes.' Mr. Campbell says whatever is essential to conversion in one case is essential in all cases. We see that the Jews were to be converted by the Lord giving them a new heart, and putting his Spirit within them, causing them to walk in his statutes. Then that is the way the sinner is converted now. So falls your position—that 'The sinner is converted by the Truth, without the special aid of the Spirit.'

"Respectfully, "LOVELACE."

"Well," said Charles Winfield, as Professor Grey finished reading aloud Mr. Lovelace's letter, "that is the chime of the old bell. I have heard it all my life. Really," he continued "these old fashioned doctrines of grace awake a thrill in the heart not conferred by the superior light of Campbellism."

"But," said Grey, "you know mere thrills and feelings are not religion."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Winfield, "I shall never let my feelings deceive me again."

"I own," said Grey, "the subject of spiritual influence is attended with many difficulties—not so the design of baptism. Our arguments on that point all Christendom can not refute."

"Will you not write a rejoinder," said Winfield, "and have it published?"

"I fear it would not do much good. I am determined to provoke him to an oral discussion. I am going to Tarrington, and I will beard the lion in his den."

The truth was, the professor wanted an excuse for visiting Tarrington about the time Miss Flora should return. The plan suited Charles wonderfully. He saw that it would lessen the blow that would inevitably fall on him.

"And," said he, "who knows—it may be the means of convincing Jessie. In that case, the great barrier to my happiness will be removed."

CHAPTER VII.

A CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

Bernard Holt left the lecture room sad and discouraged. By a request from the students, the President had lectured on "A call to the ministry." This request was made through his insti-

gation. Since he left Flora many temptations had assailed him. Was he at liberty to preach or desist, as it suited him? Did God really commit to men a dispensation of the Gospel now-a-days as of old? Would he follow up those who proved recreant with the lash of conscience and severe judgments, as he did Jonah. He hoped the lecturer would give him light. But he was dissatisfied. The lecturer dwelt on the fearful responsibility of those who possessed the talents. Showed they were under obligations to use these as would best glorify God. Spoke of the pulpit as a vast field of usefulness—of ministers as the purest philanthropists. Told them those who desired the office of a bishop, desired a good thing. Said he—

> "All great desires that God hath given
> Are prophecies of powers;"

but dwelt particularly on the latter clause of the verse—

> "But genius, though the gift of heaven,
> Demands laborious hours."

Bernard, deeply in earnest about the matter, cared nothing for this literary trifling. Who disputed educational advantages? Of course grammarians spoke more correctly, rhetoricians

more beautifully, and logicians more forcibly, for these advantages. But he wanted to know what were God's requirements. He made his way out of the crowd, walked hastily through the throng, and threaded the long streets until he reached the outskirts of the town. As he stepped off the curbstone into the green country he drew a sigh of relief. His way led through the peaceful meadows and by the murmuring stream to a woodland. He passed along the little path that led by the winding stream. The sweet waters murmured low wooings to the willows that bent lovingly over the bank. The balmy breeze swept soothingly over his thoughtful brow, and the wild birds filled the grove with thrilling melody, but the disquiet of his soul could not be stilled by the "voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely." At length he descried the humble house of old father Crooks. Father Crooks had been for many years a minister of the gospel. His head was now silvered over with age. He was wise in the Scriptures, well acquainted with the evangelical view of Christian faith and practice, and could give a "thus saith the Lord" for every doctrine and custom of his church. Bernard found he could give him more satisfaction than all the commentaries and doctors of divinity he could find. Here was an earnest minded student

leaving the lecture room of the university to seek wisdom of one who had never professed or cared for worldly learning. So excellent is the knowledge of God's Word. Father Crooks met him leaning on the top of his staff. His greatest pleasure was to encourage and counsel young ministers. Bernard told him how he had been exercised on the subject of a call to the ministry. Told him how he had once regarded "a call to the ministry" as a divine impression of duty to preach the gospel, but this seemed to be an old fashioned notion at present.

"Yes, my son," said father Crooks, "it is as old-fashioned as the New Testament dispensation."

"The prevailing notion," said Bernard, "of 'a call to the ministry,' seems to be that it consists in an obligation arising from such natural endowments and other advantages as fit us to labor in that sphere. Is this the true idea?"

"No," he answered; "for then many wicked men would have a call to preach."

"Well, do these constitute a Christian's call?"

"They do not. A Christian may have the requisite endowment of talents, temperament, eloquence, etc., and yet not have the desires, impressions and feelings of a true minister of Christ.

Gifts differ according to the grace given us.—Rom. xii. 6. So whether we have the gift of prophecy, depends on the grace given us, not on natural endowments."

"Can any man exercise a true Gospel ministry who has not the gift of God?"

"Paul said he could not. Have we any men now superior to Paul? Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God."

"You think the gift of prophecy relates to preaching?"

"Yes," answered Father Crooks; "it is thus described: 1 Cor. xiv. 4—'He that prophesieth, edifieth the church;' and 1 Cor. xiv. 3—'But he that prophesieth, speaketh unto men, to edification, and exhortation, and comfort.' In the old dispensation, prophecy or preaching was united with revelation; but that, as well as the miraculous gift of tongues, ceased with the days of the Apostles."

"You think the gift of prophecy did not cease?"

"I do. It was to last till the perfect dispensation. Says Paul, 'We know in part, we prophecy in part. But when that which is perfect shall come, that which is in part shall be done away.' When Christ ascended on high, 'He gave gifts

unto men.' He told his disciples the spirit of truth should come and abide with them forever. We learn what these gifts were in Eph. iv. 11—'Apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc. In the twelfth verse, we learn the object of these were: 'For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying the work of Christ.' These will not be removed while the necessity remains."

Said Bernard: "I have sometimes thought these gifts were conferred to inspired men."

"In that you were mistaken. Timothy was not inspired, yet Paul says: 'Neglect not the gift that is in thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery.' Nor were the Ephesians elders, yet Paul said to them: 'Take heed to yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers.'"

"We see," continued Father Crooks, "Timothy's gift, or ministerial qualification, consisted in two things: 1st—The gift of prophecy. 2d—Ordination, or the laying on of hands of the presbytery. The first part of the gift was conferred by the Spirit: 1 Cor. xii. 10—'For to one is given, by the Spirit, the word of wisdom, * * to another prophecy.' The last part of the gift was conferred by the presbytery. As proph-

ecy was to continue till the perfect dispensation, so was ordination. Paul said to Timothy: 'And the thing thou hast heard of me by many witnesses, the same commit thou unto faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also.' 'As every man hath received the gift of the grace of God, even so minister the same to one another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.' Timothy was commanded to ordain elders in every city."

"Then," said Bernard, "you think every true minister has a spiritual qualification?"

"I do. 'Unto every one of us is grace given according to the measure of the gift of God.'

"But though Timothy had a gift, he was commanded to 'Study to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly divining the Word of God.' So should all ministers. Nor should ministers be in such haste to preach, even after they are called, as to neglect *necessary* mental qualifications, lest they should suffer the mortification of Ahimaaz, who ran before he had any tidings, consequently when he got to the king he could not tell his message.

"To human appearance it sometimes seems ungodly men accomplish a great work in the pulpit. Even Paul seemed to fear that he might

become a 'castaway after he had preached to others.' And John Bunyan thought some men were servants who were not sons. Then let every minister who bears a message of salvation to others be sure that he has an interest therein himself. Such a one is not 'that faithful and wise servant whom the Lord hath made ruler over his household to give them meat in due season;' but they are wolves in sheep's clothing. God often overrules the actions of wicked men to accomplish good."

Thus they continued to discourse until the lengthening shadows and the sweet chime of the evening bells reminded Bernard of an engagement. He rose to leave, and the old man took his hand and offered a short prayer for his prosperity, and then added—

"My son 'quench not the Spirit,' 'despise not prophesying,' 'but watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of ministry.'"

"I will," answered the young man, with a look of holy resolve on his face, "the Lord helping me."

Bernard hastened away to hide his emotions. As soon as he had reached the obscurity of the grove he knelt down under a spreading oak and poured out his soul to God. He thanked God

from a full heart for the light of his Word, and supplicated, oh, so earnestly, to be kept from temptation, and to be willing to follow his Lord through conflict, and through trial too, if necessary. When he arose from his supplications, stars were beaming down with a holy serenity upon him. He went on with a sweet peace in his soul, which none but a renewed heart ever felt. Armed with the panoply of truth, the darts of the enemy were no longer felt. The man of God had faltered with the silken bands of love around him; but now, through the strength of God, he burst them like smoking flax.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONVICTION AND CAMPBELLISM.

Meanwhile events were occurring of the most interesting character in Tarrington. Mr. Lovelace, deeply interested about the salvation of his child, became unusually impressed with the worth of immortal souls. God always uses means to accomplish his purposes, and this seemed to be the means of a great awakening in Tarrington.

To Christians who had unconverted friends, he represented the criminality of their indifference, and urged them to earnest and importunate prayer in their behalf. They were led to repent of their apathy, and consecrate themselves anew to the service of God. His efforts among his flock were untiring. He went from house to house urging men to be reconciled to God. He ceased not to warn, day and night, with tears. His public ministrations assumed the character of urgent appeals to the unconverted. As is always the case, a blessing was poured out on these faithful labors. Zion came forth from the wilderness leaning on the arm of her beloved. The time, yea, the set time, to favor her seemed to have come. Saints were comforted and enabled to rejoice in hope of the glory of God, and sinners convicted and happily converted to God. The church had strengthened her stakes and lengthened her cords, and she had extended her influence, as well as increased her numbers.

In this revival it was found the ways of God are strangely mysterious. Some who had been wept over and prayed for for years still continued unrepentant, while some least expected had been induced to fall in with the overtures of mercy. Among the first class was Jessie Lovelace. She had always been an earnest, interested

listener, and so she continued. By common consent it was left to her parents to labor with her personally. Mr. Lovelace preferred she should be left to the untrammelled exercise of her own judgment. She had been carefully instructed in the doctrines of salvation. He feared to urge the matter, as he knew her great affection for himself, and so but little outward demonstration of special interest in regard to her condition was made by any. But though they did not speak of it, she learned of it in many ways. She appreciated the kindness that let her alone, as it would have wounded her sensitive nature to have appeared indifferent or obstinate. It was with such feelings one evening after devotions she sat on a low seat and laid her head on her mother's knee. Neither spoke, but she felt her mother's tears falling like rain on her head. It was more than she could bear. She retired to her room with these bitter reflections: What a hard heart I have. I am surely adamant. I can not feel. I know I am a sinner, but the thought does not move me. I try to conform my life to the outward letter of the law, but after the inward man I delight not in holiness. I repeat the words of prayer, but do I pray? I can not see that the Lord ever answers my prayers. After all I must

lead a prayerless, godless life. What must I do? I can not really repent. Though I do turn from sin in my life, I love it in my heart. This can not be true repentance. My heart gets harder and harder every day. Was there ever such a wretched heart as mine? Jessie, distressed because she could not be distressed, scarcely slept that night. The next morning her mother heard her singing, with melting pathos:

"Turn back my nature's rapid tide,
And it will turn to thee,
As down the stream of life I glide
To vast eternity."

Her mother was touched, but with the reticence of true sensibility, she was silent. Jessie had not heard of their arrival until one morning as she arose to leave the breakfast table, aunt Rose, the thrifty housewife, came in to ask her assistance in making some pastry. Jessie loved domestic employments, so she cheerfully acquiesced. She had but little opportunity to indulge her taste, as the work was light at the parsonage. Aunt Rose was a woman of good practical sense, but not much sentiment. She would not have given a good potato for all the poetry in the world. She was a member of the Tarrington church, and took a fancy to live at the parsonage,

and the measure had been of great utility to Mrs. Lovelace.

When Mr. Lovelace, exhausted by his labors, no longer continued his daily ministrations, the Campbellites decided to have a meeting. *This is their universal custom.* Let the reader mark this. Start up a religious interest anywhere, and then the devil and the Campbellites go to work—not to help, but to hinder. This is a most politic course, indeed. During revivals, there are generally some serious persons left in perplexity; these seize with avidity the anodyne contained in the "easy terms of Campbellism." If such persons find the Campbellites begin to work on them, let them be assured it is a device of Satan for sealing their soul's damnation. Let them beware! So, it suited their arrangements exactly when Winfield and Grey arrived.

Aunt Rose's volubility seemed to be a wholesome "set-off" to the dignity that usually reigned at the parsonage. Jessie generally found, when she was called to the kitchen, that aunt Rose wished to disburden her mind rather than to obtain assistance. This was the case this morning. Aunt Rose made several ineffectual attempts to communicate something. At length she said, "Miss Jessie, do you know Mr. Charles Winfield and Miss Flora have come home?"

"Did not," was answered rather indifferently.

"They have. I went over yesterday, just to give them a lift; they were so busy baking. Of all the nice cakes, and creams, and pastry I ever saw in my life, it was there. When I went, Mrs. Winfield was in the dining-room. She looks so grand and prosperous, but some folks can hide their feelings. I guess she has got a great trouble. Did you know Mr. Charles was going to be a Campbellite preacher?"

Jessie looked up incredulously.

"It is so, Miss Jessie. They told me so yesterday. A Campbellite preacher came home with them. They call him Professor Grey. I do not know why they say professor, unless they think may be he has got religion, and may be he has not. But they treat him nice. He is very grand and pompous-like. He perfumes like a lady, and wears a moustache, and carries a gold-headed cane. Oh, he is grand, and Miss Flora makes much of him."

How long Aunt Rose talked Jessie never knew. Feeling faint, she passed out the open door. Aunt Rose was too busy giving detail after detail of the grand entertainment to notice her exit.

"Well, I declare, the child is gone," said she, at last, as she turned around.

Jessie made her way to her father's study as soon as she could. Notwithstanding her timidity, she had been well instructed in the duty, as well as the advantage, of giving her confidence to her parents, whenever trouble or perplexity came. She inquired the truth of aunt Rose's statement, and learded from her father it was so.

"Charles," said he, "informed me of the fact, and I have been corresponding with him and Professor Grey on the subject. I have said nothing about it, as I wish to labor with him, personally, first."

"Charles is my friend," said she. "I should like to know what he has to say in extenuation of his conduct. May I see the letters?"

"Oh, yes," said he, going to get them, "though I should hesitate giving to them one less instructed in the truths of the Bible."

Jessie ran to her room and pored over the letters.

Mr. Lovelace had committed a mistake, being ignorant of the peculiar state of his daughter's mind. Jessie's eyes were opened to see the sinfulness of her nature, as they had never been before; and in this dawning state of penitence to give her a dry disquisition, which insinuated doubts in regard to the influence of the Spirit, was unwise. Mr. Lovelace had miscalculated his

daughter's moral strength. Having no experimental, but merely a theoretical, knowledge of the doctrines of grace, she was easily misled. She had given an unquestioning assent to these doctrines, and had never found it necessary to support the belief by proof, consequently she had no arguments to offer against the specious reasoning of Professor Grey.

"Well," said she, as she folded the letters, "I am glad he has not acted without some reason. Mr. Winfield is an independent thinker. Who knows but he may be right after all. Who knows but he may help me some in my perplexity. I am surrounded with impenetrable darkness."

The next evening Winfield called. He reflected that Jessie had now attained to the important age of eighteen, and could claim the respect of a young lady. So he sent in his card. She answered it immediately.

She had calculated on the possibility of a call, and had attired herself in a white muslin, and combed back her hair in broad, glossy bands. She was naturally dignified, and too modest to think much would be expected of her; so she entered the parlor with a self-possession that would have done credit to an accomplished belle. She received him quietly, but there was a light in her eye, a glow on her cheek that told of the intense

happiness of her heart. She was earnest, and candid, and intelligent in conversation. Winfield confessed her not only lovely and interesting, but the most perfect specimen of womanhood he had ever seen. He thought ineffable things, which, had they been translated, would have been like supernal, adorable, angelic.

But he hardly knew his own feelings, so interested was he in her conversation. Jessie told him of the perplexities of her mind. She confided in his wisdom. The views he advocated seemed so palpable, so transparent compared with the mysterious doctrines of grace. She found that the natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit, for they are foolishness to him.

After asking him a great many questions relative to his peculiar views, she told him of her own feelings, with the confiding simplicity of a child. She told him how she was convinced of the importance of seeking the salvation of her soul, and knew it was presumption to defer the matter until to-morrow, "but oh," said she, "my heart is so hard. I am callous to religious impressions. I can hear the most affecting truths unmoved. I know I am a sinner, but can not sorrow on account of it. I fear I have sinned out my day of grace. The Lord has certainly said of

me, 'Let Ephraim alone; he is joined to his idols.' Oh, sir, I am surrounded by a darkness that can be felt. Can you lead me out of this labyrinth?"

When she concluded, she was melted down, and sob after sob convulsed her bosom.

Winfield had no intention of trying to proselyte Jessie; but beauty in distress awakens all the chivalrous feelings of a man's bosom. Thus touchingly and feelingly appealed to for help in this extremity of soul, no temporizing thoughts could restrain him from giving it.

"Jessie," he said, "I think you are afflicting yourself unnecessarily. I believe if you would immediately do your duty, God would bless you. Obey the great command of the great King, 'Be baptized for the remission of sins.'"

"Is not that," she inquired, "a command for the renewed, not for such a hardened sinner as I am? If I could only repent of my sins and have faith in Christ. If I could only have a better heart."

"Jessie, said he, "you have faith. You believe the record God has given of his Son. You have not repented I know, for you have not been baptized. No repentance is genuine that does not change your life. Tell me not you want a better heart, better feelings and more assurance of God's

favor before you obey. This is all a delusion, a gross delusion. How could a disobedient heart become better by continuing disobedient? How could you expect better feelings while rebelling against God. How could you expect more assurance of divine favor, while you trample under foot the pledges of his love, which he has given you? Nothing can cure your heart—nothing can produce better feelings—nothing can increase your assurance of God's favor but your obedience. Take Christ's yoke upon you and he will give you rest. But if you will not bow to his sceptre—if you will not submit to his government, and yet feel happy, though all should flatter you, there is one will tell you it is all a delusion. It is a strong delusion for you to feel happy while you disobey the Gospel."

Jessie, with her large, spiritual eyes fixed on his face, and her hands clasped, listened to his burning eloquence with all her heart.

"Jessie," he added, "can you not give up your own notions and seek the Lord in the way he has appointed?"

"O," said she, "if that is the way to be a Christian, it would be so easy. I can be baptized, but I can not purify my heart. I can not make myself a new creature in Christ."

"No, you can not do God's work—you can do your own. Duty is the question for you to solve."

"Oh, Mr. Winfield," said she, "do you think if I should be baptized I should have this load of guilt taken off my heart, and I should experience new hopes, new desires, new purposes of heart, and could find joy and peace in believing."

Mr. Winfield was nonplussed for a reply to this puzzling question, but continued to reason with her about the duty of baptism.

Winfield's cogent reasoning, added to the sweet pleadings of her own heart, was more powerful than an angel's eloquence. Jessie leaned her head on her hand, lost in deep thought, which Winfield was careful not to disturb. Turning over the leaves of a poetical miscellany, his eyes fell on this:

"The heart is but a waiting lyre,
Whose deep vibrations varied are,
Each answering to the quivering wire,
And to the force your touches bare.
Nor careless should your fingers stray,
For fearful is the harp you play."

His heart smote him. "Jessie," said he, "read your Bible, and judge for yourself. But," he continued, 'whatever may be your apprehension of our doctrines, I hope it will not disturb our friendship."

She did not reply, but turned on him a surprised and grieved look. Winfield's doubts of her constancy vanished before the truthfulness of her gaze, and ere he was aware he was pouring into her ear the tale of his long cherished love.

"Oh," said he, "give me your love and I will care nothing for the opposition and rude buffetings of the world."

Here we will drop the curtain and leave the reader to imagine the rest. Suffice it to say a happier man never crossed the threshold of Maplehurst parsonage than was Charles Winfield when he left. The next evening Mr. Lovelace admitted him to his study; but it was not as the pastor expected, to make some explanation or offer palliatives in extenuation of his course, but to ask the hand of his lovely daughter in marriage.

Mr. Lovelace was astonished. Had he proposed a knotty question in theology, as how God can be a sovereign and man a free agent, or how Jesus was creature and creator, he could not have been more completely nonplussed. He was satisfied that Mr. Winfield was a high-toned gentleman, and had given many evidences of devotion to his daughter; but could he consent for an earthly consideration to expose her to the influ-

ence of a most pernicious error? But when he learned from Jessie that to refuse was to dash from her lips the cup of earthly happiness forever, he gave a most reluctant consent.

He tried to hope her good sense and extensive Bible knowledge might bear her unscathed through the fiery ordeal; still he bitterly reflected in such trying circumstances that the righteous are scarcely saved, and could he expect salvation reasonably for one who was unsupported by the grace of God. Still it was some consolation to reflect that Winfield was too honorable to use anything like coercion or undue influence over her religious views.

When Mr. Lovelace's friends congratulated him in view of Winfield's unimpeachable moral character and family prestige, it sounded in his ears like cruel mockery, for these talents and social advantages did not justify his erratic course. He had never asked riches or position or earthly happiness for his child, but he had supplicated, oh, so earnestly, that she might be made the subject of the renewing grace of God; but if Jessie had not been converted under favorable circumstances, could he reasonably expect it under the influence of Campbellism, that great enemy to vital Christianity. He was almost ready to faint, still he

clung to His promise who said, "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

On the contrary, Winfield's parents were delighted. There was a native superiority about Jessie that commanded respect from any reasonable mind. But Flora was surprised at her brother's choice. She wondered he had not selected some Miss Flora McFlimseys in the city; but she had been silenced by the overpowering influence of her brother and parents. She had once insisted on discarding her friend because her tippet was not mink; and the girl who would discard her friend for such a silly reason was the one to make the woman who would discard her lover because he was a minister of the Gospel. This Flora had done. She sent for Bernard Holt the evening before she left Madame Estelle's, and wanted to know his decision.

"Flora," said he, "though all the world forsake me, I will preach the Gospel. I know my Savior will not forsake me. My heart bleeds for poor sinners. I can not bear to see them going to hell without warning them of their danger. I believe God has set ministers as watchmen upon the walls of Zion. The Lord has said "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word of my

mouth, and give them warning from me.' And he also declares if the watchman fail to warn the wicked, and he die in his iniquity, that his blood will be required at the watchman's hands. I believe God requires of me to warn the wicked, therefore 'wo is me if I preach not the Gospel.' I want to preach. I must preach. The word of the Lord is as a fire shut up in my bones. I must warn the wicked. In no other way can I escape the lashings of conscience.

"I can not conscientiously engage in any other employment. Flora, if we marry, you must expect to be a poor Baptist preacher's wife as long as you live, for the faithful minister is always poor. You must expect to endure hardships and privations. This I can hardly expect of one who does not love God. But I can not deceive you; this is what you must expect."

"You do not love me, Bernard Holt, I know you do not. If you did you could give up this notion. But I will not retract; I will not be a minister's wife."

"Then," said he, "I will not trouble you further." But before Bernard left, he reasoned to her of sin and death, and of the judgment to come, till the poor, wicked girl was pallid with fright; but when the morning came, and she recalled Professor Grey's arguments about her

innocence, etc., she dismissed her fears, and mentally pronounced Bernard the greatest fanatic she had ever seen. Indeed, she was afraid of him. She would never come where he was again, if she could help it. Said she, "I know what he thinks of me. He has consigned me to the lake of torment, in his own mind."

It was with a sense of security that she accepted Grey as a gallant escort home. He administered the anodyne she wanted, in his ridicule of Christian experience. But in the pleasurable excitement of displaying her superior accomplishments and splendid wardrobe to the staring Tarringtonians, she ceased to think of the unhappy affair of Bernard's love and rejection.

CHAPTER IX.

GREY'S DISCOURSE ON BAPTISM.

The Sabbath morning was pure and beautiful as an angel's dream. The earth reposed in holy serenity beneath the white, fleecy cloud that floated over her like the robes of Seraphim. The breeze wandered silently in the deep, old wood, as though afraid to break the Sabbath stillness.

The bell of the Tarrington church sent out its solemn reverberations, calling the worshipers up to the house of God. Among those assembled none seemed more radiant with happiness than Charles Winfield. Beside him, in Deacon Winfield's pew, sat Professor Grey. Mr. Lovelace arose and introduced the services by prayer. A man of learning, acquainted with theology, may compose and preach beautiful sermons, filled with sound doctrine and grand thoughts, and yet only deal in the "meagre traffic of unfelt truth," but prayer is an index to the soul. It gives us an insight into the spiritual life. Mr. Lovelace seemed to plead as in the presence chamber of the Deity. He seemed, by faith, to lay hold on the very horns of the altar. Professor Grey, who considered himself entirely competent to measure arms with the strongest, felt less important in the presence of such a man of prayer. There was a profound stillness when the speaker announced the text: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."

He represented the odious nature of sin—the leprosy of the soul. He showed that it was opposition to God—rebellion against his moral government—that it sought to dethrone the Deity. He represented it as the abominable thing which God hates. Said he, "As the leper was an out-

cast for leprosy, so the sinner is an outcast for sin. He is separated from God's people — an alien from the commonwealth of Israel." Then he proved that all were the subjects of this moral disease—that there was none that did good—that "the whole head was sick, and the heart faint."

Then he explained how the law, with all its ceremonies, cannot make the comers thereunto perfect. As God only could cure the leprosy of the body, so he only can cure the leprosy of the soul. Human means and instrumentalities are unavailing.

"But," continued he, "the worst feature of this disease is, the victim has no idea of his infection. He is pure in his own eyes, and consequently can not be induced to apply to the Great Physician of souls and be healed. He will not wash in the "fountain opened in the house of King David for sin and uncleanness. As he talked of the heinous nature of sin, and the enmity of the carnal mind against God, Jessie was deeply moved. Indeed, neither Grey nor Winfield enjoyed much self-complacency under these soul-searching truths. The small, still voice could not be stilled.

Mr. Lovelace called the attention of the audience to the remarkable words of Christ, who said to the leper after he was cleansed: "Go,

show thyself to the priest, and offer for thy cleansing the things that Moses commanded for a testimony unto them."

"Now," said he, "the leper was pure, really, but not so ceremonially. He was clean in the sight of God, yet it was necessary to separate himself from the infected by an outward ordinance that he might enjoy the privileges and immunities of the clean. In this sense the believer, who already enjoys the pardon of sin, is required to be baptized for the remission of sins. The ceremonies of the law did not really make the leper clean. It only separated him outwardly from the infected, and placed him among the clean, where in reality he stood before. So with the convert in baptism. He already enjoys the remission of sins. He has been justified by faith, for Paul says, 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' He was justified when his sins were remitted or separated from him. But though faith is the condition of this inward remission, baptism is the condition of outward remission. By faith we separate ourselves from our sins in our heart; by baptism we separate ourselves formally from our sinful lives and sinful relations."

Then, in an earnest peroration, he exorted those

who had heard the voice of mercy say, "I will, be thou clean," to come and offer for their cleansing such things as were commanded.

"If," said he, "God has made you pure in your hearts, then submit to the rite which is declarative of your deadness to sin, and your resurrection to a new life."

When Mr. Lovelace closed, Jessie hastily enveloped her face in her veil and made her way to the carriage, instinctively shunning contact with the thoughtless and unfeeling, consequently she did not hear the announcement for Grey to preach in the afternoon. When she arrived at home she buried herself in her room, and, seeing she wished solitude, no one disturbed her or spoke to her of the afternoon appointment. But before the time arrived Winfield was seen driving up in dashing style. The advocates of error often seem more solicitous for the advancement of their cause than the advocates of truth. It may be the indifference of the latter to present success arises from their strong confidence in the ultimate triumph of the truth. But this should not be. When truth suffers a temporary overthrow, perishing souls may be the trophies won by the enemy.

Winfield was anxious Jessie should hear the

discourse, so he solicited the pleasure of driving her over. When they arrived they found a full house, a large proportion of which were unconverted people. Contention about outward forms always arouses the attention of such, while they consider the soul-searching truths of the Gospel insipid in the extreme. Mr. Lovelace was there. He remembered he was a watchman on the walls of Zion, and that it had been said, "If the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come and take away any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at the watchman's hands." Mr. Lovelace was not the man to prove recreant to his trust, nor shrink from his post in the hour of danger.

He had avoided theological discussions, as his long experience had taught him it was seldom blessed of God to the salvation of souls. He believed the great object of preaching was the salvation of souls—to turn men to holiness. But whatever was the issue, it was evidently his duty to meet this foe to vital Christianity.

Professor Grey read, as the basis of his discourse, Acts ii. 38: "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins." Said he:

"To deny, in the face of this plain proposition, that baptism is for the remission of sins, in some sense, is culpable infidelity. This Mr. Lovelace has not done, but many of the orthodox have. Here two things are commanded to secure one result. Some insist repentance, alone, is the condition of salvation in this passage. Then the passage has an improper construction. In that case, repentance should come between baptism and 'remission of sins.' Dr. Hackett, perhaps the most learned Greek scholar in America, says baptism in this passage bears the same grammatical relation to remission that repentance does. Very few persons feel able to call in question his criticism. There are other passages that go to prove that baptism is for the remission of sins.

"Mark i. 3. John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.

"Luke, iii. 4. 'And John came into all the country round about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.'

"Acts xxii. 16. 'Arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins.'

"Whatever this relation is, it is explained by the Greek word *eis*, and the English word for. That *eis* should be translated for, is conceded by the most eminent lexicographers. If we translate *eis*

'on account of,' or 'because of,' as some prefer, then repentance is on account of, or because of, remission. This doctrine the orthodox will reject.

"Some prefer rendering *eis* into. Then the passage will teach that we are brought into connection with remission by baptism—the very doctrine for which we contend.

"Some, again, insist that in this passage baptism is to declare remission; then repentance is declarative of remission.

"In a word, we can not make baptism sustain any relation to remission, but that repentance sustains the same relation. In the several accounts given by the evangelists of the great commission, each contains the idea of baptism for the remission of sins. Let us consider Matthew's account. It reads, 'Go, disciple all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, &c.' Mark's account closes thus, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' Luke says he commanded repentance and remission of sins to be preached in his name. In John, the commission is comprehended in this, 'Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted; whosoever sins ye retain they are retained.' The account given by one must comprehend all given by the others, or some account is imperfect.

"The sum of the commission in Matthew is, 'Go, disciple all nations by baptizing them. In Mark it is, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved,' which comprehends all of Matthew's account. In Luke it is, 'He commanded repentance and remission of sins to be preached in his name.' Here repentance must be an adjunct of faith, and remission of sins an adjunct of baptism, or Luke was an unfaithful historian. John must allude to baptism when he says, 'Whosoever sins ye remit,' for in no other way can men be said to remit sins.

"'Reform and be immersed is the great command of the great King.' The first place where the Gospel was to be preached was at Jerusalem: 'Beginning at Jerusalem.' This had also been predicated by Micah, 'Out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the law from Jerusalem.' The Gospel was to be preached first on the day of Pentecost. 'Ye shall receive power from on high, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses of me in Jerusalem.'

"Peter was the one chosen to open the gospel kingdom. Said Christ to him, 'I will give you the keys of the kingdom of heaven.' Thus we are sent, on the day of Pentecost, to Jerusalem, to hear the Gospel.

"Peter made the opening speech of the gospel age to the thousands congregated at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. When we reflect that Peter was inspired, we know he spoke the truth. He meant what he said, and said what he meant. His message was fraught with untold interest to the perishing millions of the earth. It was a manumit from the king for the emancipation of the world from the thraldom of sin. It was a reiteration of his merciful invitation, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' The easy terms of the Gospel were rest indeed compared to the burdensome rites and ceremonies of the Jewish Church.

"Said Mr. Campbell, the great exponent of our faith, 'Baptism, my fellow-citizens, is no mere rite, no unmeaning ceremony, I assure you. It is a most intellectual and spiritual and sublime transition of a sinful and condemned state into a spiritual and holy state. It is a change of relation, not as respects the flesh, but the spirit. It is the introduction into the mystical body of Christ, by which we necessarily obtain the remission of sins."

Professor Grey then went on to show that the Baptists were a set of mystics, who required some mysterious change before baptism—assured

the people this was all nonsense and gross superstition—that baptism itself was this change, &c.

In closing, the speaker declared they were the only people who were not afraid of the passage. That no Baptist dared to give an exposition of it. They would tell what it did not mean, but were afraid to tell what it did mean. He said he would challenge anybody not a Campbellite to explain it.

All eyes were turned to Mr. Lovelace. So general seemed the expectation, he was forced to waive his objections to religious controversy, and it was announced that Lovelace would preach in the evening, on the same subject, in the Baptist church.

CHAPTER X.

BAPTISM CONTINUED.

The interim between the afternoon and evening services was not spent by Mr. Lovelace in consulting Greek authors, nor reviewing learned criticism, but it was spent in his closet. He realized that prayer was the best preparation for the pulpit. He did not care so much for a mere

intellectual triumph. He wanted to see men bowing at the foot of the cross, and submitting themselves to God. Men may enlighten the judgment, but God alone can subdue the heart, therefore the minister should implore divine help. Lovelace was an earnest, loving, gospel minister. With the most unpretending air he entered the pulpit, and instead of making an effort to display his logical acumen and learned research, he spent most of the time in warm-hearted exhortation. Said he, in the course of his remarks:

"We have no disposition to widen the breach between us and the Campbellites. Nothing will be gained by such a course. We believe some conscientious persons, for fear of encouraging what they consider error, have been unconsciously led to adopt a false interpretation of the passage, Acts ii. 28: 'Repent and be baptized for the remission of sins.' We are not surprised that few feel able to give an exposition of the passage. It seems not to harmonize with the great and distinguishing feature of the Gospel, which is salvation by grace, or justification by faith. The Bible must be consistent with itself. We are told that our salvation 'is not of works, lest any man should boast.' Baptism is a work of righteousness. Said Christ at his baptism:

'Thus it behooveth us to fulfill all righteousness.' So we can not be saved by baptism; yet the passage tells us we are to be baptized for the remission of sins.

"As Professor Grey has asserted, some have tried to escape the difficulty by giving a different translation to *eis*, making it *into*, or 'on account of.' But the decision of the learned seems in favor of the present translation. This passage, taken in connection with Mark i. 4, Luke iii. 3, Acts xxii. 16, undoubtedly shows that baptism is, in some sense, for the remission of sins. What this sense is seems to be the point at issue between us. Our friend has given it the sense of justification. This is a mistaken view, and one often adopted. Remission means separation. It comes from *apo*, from, and *iemi*, to send. To send from or separate. *We* may be said to remit or separate ourselves from our sins, but it is God that justifies. So, then, we are commanded to repent and be baptized to separate us from our sins. But can things so dissimilar produce the same result. Repentance is a spiritual act of the soul, and its results must be spiritual. Baptism is an outward act, and its results must be outward. Repentance is a change of the mind. We change our minds in regard to sin. We see how hurtful and odious it is. We loathe it; we turn from it.

We turn to Christ as the only Savior. This is faith, which is always connected with true repentance. Then are we separated from our sins. Gods looks on us as pure, because Christ is pure.

"Then he pronounces the sentence of justification. Do we enjoy this spiritual separation of soul from sin by baptism? Is it a spiritual, internal work? Certainly not. It is outward, and can only be an outward separation from sin. It is a form, and its results are formal. The only separation from sin, effected by baptism, is in form, and not in heart. A villain, with a devil's purpose, may seek and obtain baptism, and thus obtain remission in a certain sense. He is outwardly separated from his sinful relations. The world and the Church, who can not see his heart, look on him as a Christian—a just man—pronounces the sentence of justification. But does God do so? Will he pronounce him just until he is separated from sin in his soul? He will not. It is when, by the help of God, we separate ourselves from sin in our souls, by repentance, the essential part of which is faith, that God pronounces the sentence of justification. The doctrine of justification by faith is so plainly taught in the Word of God, we wonder any one can overlook it 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

Then we conclude that though repentance and baptism are both for the remission of sins, they accomplish the work in a different sense. Your next argument is, the commission was a command to baptize for the remission of sins. This is advanced by the highest Campbellite authority. Did the commission contain the idea of baptism as a *formal* separation from sins, it would only be in consonance with other passages. It was a command to baptize, and as baptism is for a *formal* separation from sinful relations, it may be said to be a command to baptize for the remission of sins. However, it is not so expressed, as any one with sufficient candor may see.

"But," said Mr. Lovelace, "I will not close this effort without calling on sinners to repent. The heart is the seat of all corruption. 'Out of it proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, theft, false-witness, blasphemies, and these are the things which defile a man.' Baptism can not wash away these. Oh," said he, "be reasonable creatures. Do you not see an outward ablution can not purify the heart? The converted should enter the church. Living with the ungodly we are upholding the kingdom of Satan, and are exposed to various temptations. We must sever our outward relation to the world, the flesh and the devil, and enter the church, by

baptism, where we can enjoy the fellowship and watchcare of the saints, and live in use of the means of grace. The infinitely wise God has made baptism a condition of outward remission, and its neglect is attended with hurtful consequences to Christian character and usefulness. Those who neglect it encourage rebellion—fall a prey to temptation, and pierce themselves through with many sorrows.

"I, by no means, would teach you to lightly esteem baptism. I do not call it a non-essential. Religion knows no non-essentials. But though essential, it occupies a subordinate position to repentance and faith. We are not saved by it. We are saved by the blood of Christ. We are brought to see the necessity of this blood in repentance, and it is made availing to us by faith.

"Then, according to the divine precedent, I urge you to repent and be baptized for the remission of sins."

After hearing Mr. Lovelace's sermon, the Professor was disappointed. He concluded a discussion with Mr. Lovelace would not be profitable. He had very little patience with his mystical theology. He gave out no more challenges, and so Lovelace suffered him to quietly pursue the "even tenor of his way."

The succeeding afternoon Mrs. Winfield's carriage drove up to the parsonage, and the footman delivered Mrs. Winfield's card to Jessie, soliciting her society for the evening. Her parents were consulted, but the relation Jessie sustained, as the betrothed of Winfield, made refusal out of the question. They took leave of her at the carriage door, and watched her as she drove away in almost regal splendor. There was the light of hope in her eye, and a glow of happiness on her cheek. Was it the hope that the world can neither give nor take away? The future will show. They slowly wended their way back to their lonely chamber. There was an indefinable dread in their hearts. Mr. Lovelace, instinctively conscious of his companion's sadness, recited the heavenly words of Cowper:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

Mrs. Lovelace had ever found her husband a tower of strength in her hour of sorrow and dependence. But ah, how feeble is a human arm! She realized that she must look to the hill from whence help cometh.

While the sorrowful pair talked long and mournfully over their child's future, she was an

object of special interest in Mrs. Winfield's drawing-room.

With too much modesty to bear the conspicuous part in conversation for which she was eminently fitted by talent and education, she still gave the most interested attention. Charles Winfield saw this and turned it to advantage. He gave such a turn to the conversation as he judged would give a proper direction to her mind —all the time preserving a due regard for her sensibilities. So they discanted largely on the errors of pedo-Baptists—how strangely they were misled in regard to the mode and subjects of baptism—attributing it to the baleful influence of creeds and early prejudices. He scorned the pusillanimity of those who pin their faith to another's sleeve, and declared nobody should think for him. It was about to be decided that it was a want of independence of mind to think as any one else thought, when Deacon Winfield remarked that it was not strange that there was a concert of views among some, as the path of duty was so plain in the Bible. Nor was it strange that there should be a spirit of fellowship among those who entertain the same views, and non-fellowship among those who do not. Said he, "We neither wish nor expect those to join our Church who will bring in discord, and this is about the extent of the influence of creeds among us."

But Jessie's ear and heart were open to Charlie's reasonings. She looked on him as a noble and disinterested lover of truth. The next morning, instead of taking leave of her at the carriage, he stepped in and closed the door, and was driven over with her. In the course of conversation, he said:

"Jessie, I am to be put to the guillotine next Saturday, at church meeting, I am told. The brethren have charged me with holding errors, and cited me to appear. I suppose you will come and witness my decapitation?"

"I will be there, of course. I have known nothing else, all my life, than to attend the public meetings of the Tarrington church."

This was not the answer he expected.

"But what have you done? Been guilty of a crime, I suppose?"

She looked up with innocent surprise.

"I have dared to think differently from the Tarrington church, and must suffer for it. But I have one consolation. I know there is one faithful bosom to which I can ever turn and find sympathy."

Jessie only answered by giving him a look of melting tenderness.

Mr. Lovelace was not so much concerned for his own child as to forget the children of others.

He had tried to be faithful to the deacon's children from their childhood.

Naturally supposing that the Winfields felt toward their children as he did toward his child, he strongly sympathized with them. He had made several ineffctual attempts to have a serious conversation with Flora, since her arrival, but failed. She remembered her last interview with Bernard, and the startling truths he uttered. She would as soon have met pallid death itself as thus to be brought face to face with her soul. She knew very well what to expect in an interview from her father's pastor, if he should have the opportunity. So she avoided him. But one morning, when she was in a flow of spirits, a gentleman called for her in the parlor. Of course it was an admirer, thought she; and away she went flouncing into the room. She entered. There sat the gray-haired Lovelace. She turned pale, but there was no retreating. She mentally resolved that she would neither talk nor listen. She had too much veneration for Mr. Lovelace to utter the half-infidel, wicked sentiments that she had learned from her new friends. With these thoughts she took her seat, and preserved a most provoking taciturnity, while her aged friend reasoned with her about the interests of her immortal soul. To

his pointed questions she gave the most evasive replies. After he had said all he thought proper, under the circumstances, he left her, shocked and pained at her conduct. She drew a sigh of relief when he was gone, and sat awhile revolving in her mind the solemn truths she had heard. But she rallied, saying:

"Nonsense, I am not going to trouble myself about such things. I have half a notion to let Professor Grey convert me and be done with the matter." But then she thought of the splendid debut she was to make in the city next winter, and as the visions of festivals, dresses, ball-rooms and conquests passed before her mind in gorgeous panorama, she mentally decided it would be very bad taste to become a moping, whining, canting Christian.

True the new religion did not spoil them as the Baptist Faith did, but then there was no necessity to be in a hurry about getting that kind of religion. In case of emergency, she could be baptized in a few minutes, and if she should put it off a little too long, God would take the will for the deed. She had heard Professor Grey say that. So her gayety returned, and she ran up stairs singing—

"I won't be a nun, and I shant be a nun;
I am too fond of pleasure for to ever be a nun."

Saturday came. The church met. It was pretty generally understood that Charles Winfield would be subjected to the discipline of the church, and consequently a large concourse of people were present. It was noticed that all the Winfield's were absent, except Charles. When the harmony of the church was called for, an old brother arose and remarked:

"Paul, the apostle, commanded us to mark those who cause divisions and offenses, contrary to the doctrine we have received, and avoid them; and," said he, "I am told our young brother Winfield is causing divisions and offenses contrary to the doctrine of the Bible, and is, therefore, obnoxious to this punishment."

Another remarked: "It is the custom of all courts — civil and ecclesiastical — to grant the offender a hearing before condemning him," and supposed the church would accord the privilege to the young brother.

It was unanimously voted to do so. Winfield was asked if he had any remarks to make. He arose and stated that it was his misfortune to think differently from the Tarrington church.

Another brother remarked that it was the object of all discipline to reclaim, if possible, and moved that the pastor be appointed to labor with

the offender. But Mr. Lovelace declined, telling them that he had been doing so for several weeks and had effected nothing, and felt it useless for him to proceed farther.

Some one cited Paul's saying: "A man that is a heretic after the first or second admonition, reject." "Now," said he, "is Campbellism heresy?" It was decided in the affirmative. "Then," said he, "as Mr. Winfield has been admonished several times, there is but one course left, according to the Bible, and that is to reject him."

The question was put on his expulsion, and the vote to exclude him was unanimous. Jessie witnessed it all with a pallid face. She thought he did not look like a culprit, with his calm, contemptuous face. Indeed, it was hard to attach blame to a being so grand and glorious as she imagined him to be. She scarcely heard her father's remarks, so absorbed was she in thinking of Winfield's disgrace. She gave him the warm, outgushing sympathies of her earnest nature, without stopping to inquire where her principles placed her. Charles was not slow to perceive this, and the knowledge gave him more self-confidence, if possible. Jessie could hardly be expected to give an unfavorable verdict in his case, from the peculiar condition of her mind.

She had no experimental knowledge of the doctrines of grace, and when she heard one whom she loved and trusted declare his former experience to be a delusion, and as he, hitherto, seemed as enthusiastic as others, she thought, perhaps, he had only found out his mistake sooner, because he was a free, untrammeled thinker. But there was less excuse for his mother. She still clung to what she had personally experienced of the grace of God. She was vacillating. She did not like to oppose Charles. She would have found it difficult to do so: for it must be confessed she had given more thought to the fashions and conventionalisms of society than to the doctrines of the Bible. She knew much better how to conduct a splendid entertainment than to give a reason for the "hope that was in her." Still she secretly regretted the change, but was not faithful enough to tell him so. But his father had acted with more decision, and had several conversations with him. The Deacon had found him more than his match in argument, but though his logic was sometimes at fault, his personal knowledge of the truth was not to be reasoned out of him.

When Charles Winfield found his connection with Baptists severed, he went to the city and

enrolled himself with the Disciples. The denomination was justly proud of him. His fame was trumpeted from Dan to Beersheba. This denomination will compass heaven and earth to make one proselyte. Perhaps they find their proselytes better material than their converts. *It is to be feared their converts stop short of real conversion,* but their proselytes are often deceived Christians, who, though deceived, still have a little leaven in their hearts, which "leavens the whole lump." This was Charles Winfield's condition. He was really a sheep, but had gone astray. Pride was the origin of error. This pride seemed once destroyed by a view of the cross; but, Phœnix like, it had risen from its ashes. There were some extenuating circumstances to be pleaded in his behalf. He had known but little of the wholesome restraints of public opinion. The Winfields, in their "pride of place," had created this. Their foibles generally assumed the guise of virtues in the eyes of those beneath them. Charles, especially, scorned the opinions of the plebians. He was fully conscious of his mental, as well as his social, superiority. His vanity was by no means lessened by his reception into the ranks of Campbellism. He was flattered, courted and caressed. The press teemed with glowing com-

mendations of his many excellencies. He was invited to their most attractive pulpits, and his administrations were attended with unparalleled success. The large and influential church on whose record he had enrolled his name at once secured his services as pastor. They regarded him as a prodigy. He became the cynosure to which they turned their eyes for the light of truth. But it was not the corruscation of truth that he reflected, but the mock-fire—phosphorescent light of Campbellism, such as he had imbibed second-handed from the Bethany luminary.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CAMPBELLITE MEETING.

Anon, Grey remained in Tarrington and preached daily in the town hall. Had Mr. Lovelace not been a man of faith, he would have trembled, so great was the result of the Professor's first efforts. He heard of many tough cases, with whom he had labored for years, responding joyfully to the soothing calls of Campbellism. But he put his trust in God. Jessie

found no opportunity to go. She heard but little of the meeting. Her parents, knowing but little to commend in it, were silent respecting it. Ill-natured remarks about other denominations were not indulged in at the parsonage.

Mrs. Winfield and Flora attended. Mrs. Winfield could not bear to oppose the Reformers; her worshiped Charles was now one of them. After several days Mr. Lovelace found that the meeting was producing considerable excitement. The shop boys were singing their songs, and animated discussions were held about the tavern doors and the street corners. He was astounded one morning to hear, when the meeting was at the height of its interest, that Grey had left. He could not divine the cause. He made no inquiries, and as he was not a man easily approached, he heard but little. He perceived that something had happened He could see groups on the street convulsed with laughter. He could hear the boys bantering each other, saying, "Come, unite on the book, won't you?" which would be sure to be followed with a ringing laugh. At length a dry goods clerk, a member of the Tarrington church, beckoned him back into the counting-room and explained matters to him. Said he: "It would have been funny if it were a less serious matter. The finale of the

meeting was suggestive. They went on flamingly at first, but the interest flagged after Aunt Mehetabel Perkins presented herself for membership. Aunt Mehetabel was a Quakeress, and a maiden lady. She was immensely interested in such religious enterprises as fairs, sewing circles and mite societies. She thought she would be appreciated if she were a church member. But here was a difficulty. There was no Quaker society near, and no other people approved of her spiritual notion of baptism But when Professor Grey came along with his broad basis and easy terms she felt sure of accomplishing her end.

"'Come along,' said he, at the close of a harangue on the evils of creeds and confessions of faith, 'and unite with us on the Book. Come, make the good confession that 'Jesus is the Son of God.' We do not ask you to subscribe to any creed; your opinions are your own private property. We will not intrude on them. You can read your Bible and interpret it as you please. We can not expect you to think as we do. We care nothing for opinions. Faith is what we want, and faith is summed up in these words, 'I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.'

"So Aunt Mehetabel came tripping up the aisle. She was asked if she believed Jesus Christ

was the Son of God, to which she cheerfully responded, 'Certainly I do, friend Grey.' So Grey referred to the case of the jailor who was baptized the same hour of the night, and remarked that they would immediately proceed to the water to immerse Miss Perkins.

"'Stop, friend Grey, thee art too fast. I did not ask thee to do God's work for me. I was baptized long ago; it was when God poured out his holy Spirit on me when I believed.'

"'But you have not been immersed.'

"'I think I have. That is thy opinion—this is mine; but you care nothing for opinions. I have got the faith, friend Grey.'

"'We can not receive you unless you are immersed.'

"'It is my opinion I have been. Thee would not take away my private property, would thee? Thee would not interpret the Bible for me, would thee?'

"Miss Perkin's case was dismissed rather unceremoniously. She was crest-fallen. She saw she was still to be the tail of the kite in the mites, fairs and sewing circles.

"The Professor turned from this tough case to a young miss, whose pretty, innocent face was the very picture of pliancy. She was asked to make the good confession, which she did. He

then began to make arrangements about her baptism, feeling sure of no trouble. 'Oh, sir,' said she, 'I was baptized when I was a baby. I wanted to join your church with Aunt Mehetabel. She said we could join and believe what we pleased—that you did not have a creed.'

"'But we require you to be baptized.'

"'I believe I have been. I thought you would not require us to believe as you did; you talked so hard of the creed makers for doing this. We wanted to unite with you on the Book.'

"Professor Grey dismissed the meeting, but made an appointment for the following day. Aunt Mehetabel gave vent to her displeasure in the aisle after services. 'I don't believe in this way of deceiving people. Inviting folks up to unite on the Book, and then wants to say what the Book means. I see how it is. Instead of uniting on the Book it is uniting on Campbellite interpretation of the Book. It is uniting on Campbellism after all, nothing else.'

"Professor Grey's ears tingled as he went home. He heard many a smothered chuckle, accompanied with 'unite on the Book.'

"The next day he did not touch on the creeds, but talked of faith, the epitome of which he declared to be, 'I believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God.' 'Now, said he, you have faith. You

believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God. There is not a man or woman in this house but believes this. Then,' said he, 'come along and be baptized for the remission of sins. Just take a few steps on this carpet and you will secure your salvation.* Do not wait for a change of heart. You will never secure this until you are baptized, but you will secure it then. Come, take God at his word. 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow.'

"As he continued to talk in the approved Bethany style, the audience was astonished to see a man named Hornback come up and give his hand. Now, Hornback was a noted pugilist. He was quarrelsome, and got into some difficulty or other every day, when he was sober enough. He had a stalwart frame, and looked like a veteran soldier, scarred and bruised as he was. Said he, as he took Grey's hand, before taking his seat, 'I wish you would make a Christian of me.' There was a suppressed titter. 'It would save me a heap of trouble. I can not help taking a dram occasionally, and then I am sure to take it fisticuff with somebody.' Grey hesitated. 'Oh,' said Hornback, 'I hope you won't refuse to make a Christian when you have a chance.' Grey was

*A Campbellite preacher made this assertion in Paris, Mo., during a protracted meeting in that church.

determined not to be disconcerted this time. 'My friend,' said he, 'Do not be discouraged. I will say to you as Annanias did to Paul, "Arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins."' Everybody at church that day went to see Hornback baptized. Said he, as he walked along with Grey, just before he got to the water, 'I am mighty wicked. Somehow fight is in me, and I can't help it. I would like to be a Christian. You say I will experience this change in baptism.'

"'Yes, you will,' said Grey.

"'Now,' said Hornback, "after I am baptized, if I feel just as devilish as ever I will give you a whipping, sure as you are a born man. Nobody ever fooled Bill Hornback that way without getting paid for it.'

"Grey began to pull back, telling him he was not in a proper frame of mind to be baptized. 'Oh,' said Hornback, come along. You can't be afraid to baptize me, unless you know you have been lying about baptism's changing people; and if you have, you deserve a thrashing for that, and so I will whip you any way.' Just then several, seeing the Professor's difficulty, stepped in between the two."

The next morning Grey left for the University. He was not satisfied with his success in Tarrington. True, a considerable number had embraced

his views, but he felt sure he was not appreciated. He regarded Lovelace as a wily debatant, who had maintained the show of learning on his side by mere intrigue. He thought the Tarringtoners a narrow-minded set, completely under the control of Lovelace. In rehearsing the matter to some one, he said: "They are mere automatons, moved by Lovelace," and he declared if Lovelace should take a pinch of snuff all Tarrington would sneeze. But he regarded the Winfields as honorable exceptions. From their silence he inferred their favor, forgetting that a code of honor required this deference to a guest. This noble sentiment obtained among the semi-barbarian Highland chiefs, and surely we may find it in Christian lands. Said Rhoderic Dhu to the benighted James Fitz James, his mortal foe, who sought his hospitality:

> "Not for clan or kindred's cause
> Will I depart from honor's laws."

Had Deacon Winfield met the Professor abroad, where he had no peculiar claims upon his courtesy, then he might with more propriety have attacked his religious views. He might have said:

> "See here, all vantageless I stand,
> Armed like thyself."

Before the Professor returned to the University he made Flora a formal offer of his hand. But marriage did not suit Flora's glowing fancies just then. The winter was approaching. She was to spend the gay season in the city. Her milliner was engaged, her mantua maker secured. Commissions had been sent to Paris for fashionable models. Papa had set aside a sum to buy the brilliants. Her wardrobe was to be a wonderful thing. With her wit, and beauty, and wealth, of course she would be the bright particular star in the galaxy of fashion. With these anticipations "running like mad" through her brain, she was not to be fooled into matrimony yet—not even by the grand Professor himself. Besides, who could be so absurd as to think that after such a season of unparalleled triumph as she was to enjoy in the city she would tamely sit down at some humble parsonage to be a minister's wife. And had not the Professor himself avowed the conviction that she was not intended for a minister's wife?

But the professor was yielding. He could not easily release his *golden* dreams in the deacon's splendid domicil, with his broad acres spread out before him.

"Oh, well, he replied, "that shall never be a

barrier to our union. I had the liberty to choose my profession, and I suppose I am at liberty to change as often as I please. I like the work of the ministry, but I do not suppose I am doomed like the galley slave to pull at it forever. I believe I can be satisfied and successful in some other profession. I am willing to preach when circumstances suit, but I do not believe God requires me to sacrifice my happiness to do so. So give yourself no uneasiness on that score. I shall not make you a minister's wife if you are opposed to it."

Flora, who had often witnessed the pride and pleasure the professor seemed to take in preaching, did not expect him to yield so readily to her dictation. She put on an incredulous air, and declared she should believe that Professor Grey would quit preaching when she saw it. The gentleman reproached her with a want of confidence in his words.

"Oh, well," said she, "I am young, and will give you ample time to prove your sincerity. When the professor left, he was a sadder, and, perhaps, a wiser man than when he came.

Flora regretted his departure exceedingly. It added considerably to her importance to have such a distinguished man as Mr. Grey in the train

of her admirers. But she was soon consoled for his loss by the gallant attentions of the dashing Tarringtoners. They were a gay set of fellows. They drove fast horses, played cards, and, it may be, drank a little champagne. Flora laughed, and danced, and sang with them, in the utmost hilarity of feeling. She would have enjoyed it all prodigiously, but they quizzed her so unmercifully. Of course, the vain girl had not kept secret the professor's proposal of marriage, little guessing the annoyance to which the disclosure would subject her. One would say, "Well, Miss Flora, did the Professor want you to unite with him on the book?" and another would say, "Miss Flora, Hornback has had another fight; shall we send for the Professor to make a Christian of him?"

Flora laughed at their wit at first; but she grew sensitive, and showed evident pique, whenever the Professor's name was mentioned. This only subjected her to more ridicule. She grew so tired of it, at last, that she positively wished she had never seen the man. After a few week's silence she received a letter from Mr. Grey, begging her to fix the day of their marriage, however distant it might be, as he could not bear the pain of suspense any longer. With the letter came a card, with "Grey, Attorney at Law," em-

blazoned on the front. As Flora contemptuously read the card, she mentally pronounced him a hypocrite, and dashed the thing away. She thought of Bernard. How noble and Christian-like his course had been. As she was morbidly sensitive on the point, she acted very unreasonably. She returned the letter without explanation, and requested that he should never mention the subject to her again.

CHAPTER XII.

IDENTITY OF CONVERSION, REGENERATION AND BAPTISM.

Charles Winfield had been in the city but a few weeks before he received an invitation to visit the Campbellite church in the town of L——. It was a very enterprising place, rapidly increasing in population and wealth. The Campbellites felt that they should keep pace with this growing prosperity. Charles Winfield's fame had reached them. They concluded that he was just the man to give impetus to their cause. So an invitation was sent him to come and preach for them

awhile. His expected visit sent a thrill through the community. Every body was anxious to see the talented Winfield. At last he came. The sensation produced was immense. The new views spread like wild fire. The young people especially were attracted, and numbers repaired daily to the river to be regenerated.

But the interest at length began to flag; and Charles saw that this would not do. He must leave a good impression. He must preach a great sermon at the close. The subject was announced from the pulpit, and advertised in the daily paper. The subject was the identity of conversion, regeneration and baptism. The sermon was a logical essay, had his premises been correct.

He began by assuring the people that the doctrine was not novel, but had been advocated years before, by Alexander Campbell. He then read from the Christian System, p. 203: "This act (the act of faith) is sometimes called immersion, conversion, regeneration." These expressions denote the same act. The identity of conversion is found by comparing Acts ii. 38, with Acts iii. 19. Peter, in his first sermon, preaching to the thousands congregated at Jerusalem, on the day of Pentecost, said, "Repent and be baptized every

one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." On the second day he preached on Solomon's porch, and said, "Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." Baptism must be equivalent to conversion, or Peter was inconsistent in changing the terms of pardon. As Peter was inspired, and divinely commissioned, he could have made no such blunder. He meant what he said, and said what he meant. This view is farther confirmed by Matthew's account of the commission. Said Christ: "Go, disciple all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." Here the active participle, united with a command, expresses the manner of obeying that command. They were to convert the nations by baptism. Conversion means turning to God. "Immersion, alone, is the act of turning to God." But we will show, by the inductive process of reasoning, the relation baptism sustains to conversion, and in order to do this, we will examine every case of conversion found on record. The first case recorded is the conversion of the three thousand on the day of Pentecost. These were baptized for the remission of sins. The multitudes who were converted on the occasion of the second sermon were commanded to repent and

be converted, which means baptism, as I have shown. The third was the case of the Samaritans. Peter preached to them and they were baptized, both men and women. Saul of Tarsus was the fourth case. He was baptized to wash away his sins. The fifth was the conversion of Cornelius and his household, whom Peter baptized. The sixth was the case of Lydia and her household, who were baptized. The seventh is the case of Crispus, the ruler of the synagogue, who believed, and was baptized with many of the Corinthians. The next case was the conversion of the Ephesians, whom Paul baptized into the name of the Lord. We see of the many thousand conversions, all are said to have been baptized.

Then, if no case of conversion occurred during the apostolic ministry separated from baptism, none will ever occur. This irrefragably proves the identity of conversion and baptism.

The next point Winfield sought to establish was the identity of conversion and regeneration. On this point he said:

"There is but little, if any dispute. Says the Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge: 'It may be remarked that the inspired writers use various terms and modes of speech to describe this change

of mind—sometimes terming it conversion, sometimes regeneration.' Here we might close our discourse, for it is an admitted axiom, that 'things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other.' If baptism and regeneration are both equal to conversion, then they are equal to each other. But we may profitably examine the Scriptures on this point. Says Christ, in John iii. 5: 'Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God.' He here tells us not only of the necessity of the new birth, but also what the new birth is. The wise and good of all ages have interpreted this passage to mean baptism. The passage is a compound sentence, consisting of two propositions—'born of water' and 'of the Spirit.' But the sense of the first, only, is disputed. So we will confine our attention to 'born of water.' We will subdivide this into 'born of' and 'water.' Water is literal. It is contrary to all laws of correct interpretation to say it is metaphorical, when it makes good sense literally. It must refer to baptism—water is connected with no other Christian act. But the term 'born of' must be figurative. We are not literally born of baptism. So there must take place in baptism such a change as is equivalent to a birth. The learned world are with us in interpreting the passage to mean baptism. We

have the Latin and Greek fathers of the first four centuries, the Roman Catholics, Dr. Pusey, Luther, Calvin, the Westminster Confession of Faith, Dr. Neander, the learned church historian, and Christians of all names and creeds, except the Baptists, with us. We know their opposition is but a feather against the weight of testimony of all ages and sects. They are but a handful to battle against the great sacramental hosts of Christendom. We feel it a nice discernment that will notice such a small dissenting voice. But though we agree with the learned world in interpreting John iii. 5 to mean baptism, we differ slightly in the exposition of the passage. They teach that it means baptismal regeneration; we believe baptism is regeneration. They believe baptism effects this change in our spiritual condition; we believe that baptism is the change itself. Says Mr. Campbell: 'Persons are begotten by the Spirit of God, impregnated by the Word, and born of the water.'

"If what we have said needs confirmation, we adduce Titus iii. 5. This passage is a counterpart of the other. It reads, 'According to his mercy he saved us by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.' The point in this passage, which is the subject of

dispute, is 'washing of regeneration.' Regeneration is a noun in the genitive case, and used as an adjective, so it may read a regenerating washing. This clears the passage of all ambiguity. We know some critics prefer rendering the particle *kai*, even. Then it would read, the washing of regeneration, even the renewing of the Holy Ghost. But this is a transgression of the most sacred rule of translation, which is this: 'A word should be translated by its usual and current meaning, unless the sense forbids;' but sense does not forbid that *kai* should be translated *and*. So the present reading is correct.

"The identity of regeneration and baptism is farther shown by Gal. iii. 27: 'As many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ.' But we find that Scripture most effectually explains Scripture. 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.' So we are put into Christ by regeneration, and this passage says we are put into Christ by baptism; then it follows of necessity regeneration and baptism are the same.

"The identity of the two is farther enforced by the fact that salvation is sometimes ascribed to the one, and sometimes to the other. Says Christ. 'Except a man be born again (regenerated) he can not see the kingdom of heaven.' Says Paul: 'Wherein a few, that is, eight souls,

were saved by water, the like figure whereunto baptism doth now save us.' 'Saved by the washing of regeneration (baptism) and the renewing of the Holy Ghost' (regeneration). 'Except a man be born of water (baptism) and of the Spirit (regeneration), he can not see the kingdom of heaven.' Then as salvation is ascribed first to the one and then to the other, must they not be identical?"

While Winfield was speaking it was noticed that the audience enkindled into enthusiastic admiration. The church was proud of their young champion. Soon after he began there was a stir in the audience, made by the entrance of a stranger. He had his port-manteau in one hand and a riding whip in the other. He was covered with dust, and had evidently arrived in great haste. He walked slowly up the aisle, and seated himself in front of the speaker. Winfield was a little disconcerted when he looked up and saw his old friend, Bernard Holt. He sat before him, cold and immovable. It was like preaching over the Andes. After the sermon, an old Baptist brother stepped up to Bernard Holt, whispered something, and sent a slip of paper to be read from the pulpit. It informed the people that Mr. Holt would preach in the Baptist Church on the same subject. Winfield descended from the pul-

pit, and gave his hand cordially to his friend. It was noticed that the two walked off arm in arm.

Bernard Holt was punctual to his appointment. It was evident his affection for his friend did not make him less sparing in his strictness, or more lenient to error. He reviewed all his arguments, and criticised them freely, approving or condemning, as his judgment dictated.

"We know," said he, "Alexander Campbell taught the doctrine of the identity of conversion, regeneration and baptism. In his Chrs. Rest., 206, 207, he says the Holy Spirit 'calls nothing personal regeneration except baptism,' yet we hoped our friend had not progressed so far in the new doctrine. As to his argument in regard to the identity of baptism and conversion, deduced from Acts ii. 38, and Acts iii. 19, we would only produce a parallel one to show its absurdity. Said Christ, in the commission: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' Here belief and baptism are the conditions of salvation. To the ruler he said: 'Sell all thou hast and distribute to the poor.' Here 'all thou hast' and 'distribute to the poor' are the conditions of salvation mentioned. Then believe and be baptized must be equivalent to 'sell all thou hast and distribute to the poor,' or the terms of salvation are changed. Salvation is said to de-

pend on many things: for instance, 'By grace are ye saved,' 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' We are said to be saved by grace, by faith, by the blood of Christ, &c., yet that does not prove that all these are identical.

"Mr. Winfield's argument on *mathetusate* is unworthy of consideration, though advanced by the highest authorities of the Current Reformation. *Mathetusate* contains the idea of imparting rudimental knowledge. This Mr. Campbell acknowledges in his debate with Rice, p. 367. The idea of doing this by baptizing is preposterous. Christ says: 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his.' This is what really constitutes discipleship, and baptism is only the badge.

"Mr. Winfield next argues that, as no case of conversion is recorded in the New Testament unaccompanied by baptism, the two are identical. But in making out a list of conversions, he omitted Simon Magus. He was baptized, but his heart was not right in the sight of God. (Is he, being baptized without a change of heart, the only Campbellite mentioned in the Word of God?)

"Mr. Winfield will not deny that the thief on the cross was converted—he was not baptized.

And when Peter went to Cesarea and preached to Cornelius and his near kinsman, he said: 'Can any man forbid water, that these should be baptized, who have received the Holy Ghost as well as we.' So up to this time we have one case of baptism without conversion, and many cases of conversion without baptism; therefore we conclude they are not identical.

"It is then argued, as conversion is identical with baptism, regeneration must be identical with baptism, inasmuch as evangelical writers concede that regeneration and conversion are identical. But as he has failed to prove the identity of conversion and baptism, the identity of regeneration and baptism must rest on another argument.

"His first argument on this point is derived from John iii. 5: 'Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God.'

"Every one is familiar with the unique and beautiful narrative of our Savior's interview with Nicodemus. In the third verse, Christ simply asserts the necessity of the new-birth. In the fourth, Nicodemus inquires if the natural birth is to be accomplished twice. Christ, in this verse, asserts that a man must be born of water and the Spirit. This last proposition he explains to mean

a spiritual birth, which we think correct. But does 'born of water' mean baptism? Let the seventh verse answer: 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.' Here Jesus tells us a natural thing produces a natural thing, and a spiritual thing produces a spiritual thing. Would Christ have given this explanation to show that baptism, a natural physical operation, produces a spiritual thing? Certainly not. *On the authority of Christ's own explanation, we affirm that if 'born of water' refers to a spiritual birth, water represents a spiritual agent, and not baptism.* Let the Baptists, a despised handful though they be, continue to stand on this immutable rock, nor fear the assaults of the 'sacramental hosts of Christendom.' Thank God, the day will come when truth will prevail, though she be crushed to the earth now. After our Lord's explanation, the man who infers from this passage the monstrous dogma of baptismal regeneration, does it in the face of light as clear as noonday.

"The next argument is Titus iii. 5: 'Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy hath he saved us by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.' This passage does not refer to baptism, for baptism is a work of righteousness.

'Thus it behooveth us to fulfill all righteousness.' Christ would not tell us we are not saved by baptism, and then that we are. This is a parallel passage to John iii. 5. Be it so. Then we will let Christ's explanation of 'born of water and the Spirit' explain this. The 'washing of regeneration is the point in dispute. Mr. Winfield would have it read, 'a regenerating washing.' Then the passage refers to a washing that regenerates, or creates anew. The creature produced will explain the nature of the agent that produces. If the creature produced is the new spiritual man, which all admit, then the washing is spiritual and is not baptism. This is evident, and can not be refuted. The passage in 1 Cor. vi. 11—'Ye are washed . . . by the Spirit'—evidently does not mean baptism, as the first clause of the verse shows. So these passages fail to teach the identity of baptism and regeneration.

"Mr. Winfield's next argument is derived from Gal. iii. 27: 'As many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ.' Had my friend attentively considered the preceding verse, he need not have grossly misconceived the meaning of this. It reads, 'For we are all the children of God by faith in Christ.' Here we are told how we are translated from a state of nature to

a state of salvation. It is by faith in Christ, not by baptism. Then the next verse speaks of the outward profession of Christianity. Paul tells us he is not a Jew who is one outwardly, but he must be circumcised in heart to be really a Jew. Is Christianity a hollow, meaningless system, compared to Judaism? If the rite of circumcision could not make a Jew, can the rite of baptism make a Christian? Nay, verily; baptism represents the sanctifying influence of the Spirit —shows that we are dead to sin, and raised to newness of life. *For one to be baptized who has not experienced this change in his heart, is hypocritical, and his profession a sin.*

"Mr. Winfield next argues that as salvation is ascribed to both regeneration and baptism, they must be identical. Salvation is ascribed to many things—to the mercy of God, the grace of God, the death of Christ, the influence of the Spirit, to faith, to repentance. Then, according to our friend's rule of interpretation, they all mean baptism.

"His sect makes the Bible a book of one idea, and that baptism. They make everything in the Word of God to resolve itself into water.

"Campbellism is a one-idea system—a caricature of Romanism—which claims as much pity as

blame. It tithes mint, anise and cummin, while it neglects the weightier matters of the law."

Mr. Holt, in an earnest peroration, warned the people of Campbellism—told them it was a soul-destroying error, and then prayed that all who were indeed Christians would heed the cry, "Come out of her, oh, my people."

The next day both friends left the place; one for the city church, where he was almost worshiped, the other to the self-denying, unpaid labors of his field.

In a few weeks Charles Winfield returned home on a visit. He was buoyant with hope, and elated with success. The Deacon was sorely tempted to be proud of him. Mrs. Winfield could not help feeling a little worldly vanity, Campbellite as he was. She would rather he was an Episcopalian or Presbyterian. But Charles was old enough to choose for himself. After all they were a respectable people. She admitted many of their assumptions. They professed to have much Bible knowledge. She thought this very well, although it seemed to her they had very little use for the Bible, except about a few passeges. If they loved the whole Bible, she could not see why they so preferred Acts ii. 38 to the fifth chapter of Romans.

They styled themselves Christians. She was

willing to call them such (though she knew they lacked the essentials of Christianity) rather than offend them. Charles was her first-born, her darling; it was so natural to extenuate his fault.

Charles Winfield determined that his nuptials should be celebrated at an early period. In this he met with much opposition at the parsonage. Even Jessie was less pliant than he expected. She plead her youth, her inexperience, her ignorance. "Oh," said she, "just wait one year and see how I will seek knowledge and improvement." But he would listen to no opposition. He insisted that Jessie, though but eighteen, was equal to any position. Charles, though usually gentle and generous, could hardly bear to be thwarted in the dearest wish of his life, accustomed as he had been to indulgence from his childhood. When Jessie found there was no retreat without giving serious offense to her lover, she tearfully consented.

"Come, Jessie," said he, reproachfully, "I want you to explain this reluctance. If you love me as I do you, I can not see why you wish to defer our happiness."

"Because, sir," she answered frankly, "I have no religion. I do not love God, nor delight in his service. My heart is fixed on the poor, perishing

things of this world. A poor helpmeet I shall be to you who are commissioned to stand between the living and the dead."

Some thoughtlessly rush in where "angels fear to tread." Not so with Jessie Levelace. She was overwhelmed with a sense of responsibility.

The middle of October was fixed as the time of their wedding. Winfield returned to the city to make preparations for his establishment. When he informed his charge of his intended marriage, they set about securing a parsonage. But he objected, telling them to exercise their benevolence toward the poor, for he was not an object of charity. He was great in their eyes before, now he became superlatively so, for we naturally feel more respect toward those who are independent of us. The time has come when the Gospel is not only preached to the poor, but the poor are usually called to preach it. According to man's wisdom, the rich should be called. Of how much care, anxiety and heart-burning would he be saved if the minister was only independent of his charge; for ministers, as a general thing, receive but a meagre support from those who either lack the ability or the disposition to give. But "God knows best." It may be this is the way he keeps his ministers humble by suffering the people to keep them poor. Winfield was to have no such

annoyance. He purchased a princely suburban residence. With the help of the upholsterer, the hard, naked pile was soon changed like the work of enchantment into a comfortable home. It was furnished completely from the attic to the cellar. Jessie's own room, with its extended mirrors and rosewood chamber set and beautiful damask, was pronounced incomparable.

Winfield surveyed it with pride and pleasure, fondly indulging the golden dream of his daily life. Ah, little do we know what lot God has chosen for us, and through what discipline we must be led to reach it.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WEDDING.

October came. The landscape softened into the changing lights and mellow tints of Autumn. Maplehurst, shorn of the exhuberant bloom of summer, looked lovely still, in her rustic habiliments. Jessie Lovelace found that the "melancholly days" sweetly accorded with the pensiveness of her own heart. She wandered, like a weird spirit, under the tall old trees. She was

changed. The artless simplicity of the girl was lost in the dignity of the woman. The transition seemed as proper as it was beautiful. There was a look of noble purpose and high resolve on her brow. She was evidently in deep thought in regard to her obligations to God, and her fearful responsibility. Her father often found her poring over a little volume entitled, "Imitation of Christ." As she sat reading it beside him, under the favorite Althea tree, he said:

"My dear, you will have many opportunities of imitating Jesus amid the wants and woes of the city."

"I suppose I must *seem* good," she answered.

"You must *be* good. Pray God that you may be clothed with the righteousness of Jesus Christ. Then who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifies.

She turned away and sighed mournfully, as one without hope.

With the reflections and occupations so proper to the betrothed, Jessie Lovelace evinced an indifference to many things which, under like circumstances, would absorb the thoughts of the fashionable women. She found her mother's judgment and taste a great relief. It was evident that Mrs. Lovelace was not neglectful of the proprieties of the coming occasion, but was making every

preparation for a plain but unostentatious wedding.

But while things scarcely moved out of their usually quiet routine at Maplehurst, vigorous preparations were pushing on at the Winfield homestead for a splendid entertainment. Mrs. Winfield felt that it lay in her motherly province to go to the city and make the purchases, and lay in the linen for the new establishment. While there, numerous boxes were forwarded to Tarrington, with such mysterious labellings as "Sundries," "This side up with care," while large packages of snowy linen, glistening damask and various draperies were commissioned to the new establishment. The weeks succeeding Mrs. Winfield's arrival home, the silks and satins, laces and gauzes, in process of manufacture, gave the sitting room the flutter and show of a millinery shop. Various invitations were issued in the city, principally among Flora's fashionable friends. To Flora it was a season of triumph.

But when the evening came, it was found that they of the parsonage had remembered the injunction of our Savior, who said: "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame and the blind." Grandma Ireland was there, and the old brother from the mill, leaning on the top of his staff, and the orphans who had been

placed in school through Mr. Lovelace's munificence. There were men and women there whose hard, sunburnt features told that they were doomed to toil. Among these were mothers and fathers in Israel. Jessie Lovelace stood among this motley group in her pure white muslin, with orange blossoms in her hair, like a fair young spirit just emerged from paradise. And as she stood there, and bowed her soul with the vows of the altar, more than one Christian heart sent a sacrifice to heaven in her behalf.

Jessie received but few congratulations, in the set phrase of fashionable parlance, but old men laid their hands in benedictions on her head, and mothers pressed her to their bosoms with "God bless you." The wedding took place in the afternoon, as the Lovelaces reprobated the corrupt city practice of turning night into day.

Aunt Rose had supper early enough to give, as she said, "all honest people a chance to get home before night." After tea some one was requested to sing, and a gentle voice sang Mrs. Hemans' "Bride's Farewell:"

"Why do I mourn to leave the vine
Whose clusters o'er me bend?
The myrtle yet, oh, call it mine,
The flowers I love to tend:
A thousand thoughts of all things dear
Across my memory sweep,
I leave my sunny childhood here—
I go, but yet I weep."

Before they parted, a table was rolled out, whereon lay the family Bible; and there went up the sacrifice of prayer and praise. Old Father Winters, who led the devotion in the tremulous tone of age, supplicated the blessing of the God of Israel to rest upon those who had just entered the holy estate of matrimony.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace felt fully rewarded in witnessing the pleasure that they had bestowed on their plain, but affectionate people. The heartless votaries of fashion incapacitate themselves, by dissipation, for enjoying the simple and innocent pleasures of life; but many in that rude assembly remembered Jessie Lovelace's wedding day with peculiar interest.

It stood preëminent in their memory, marked, as it were, with a red day-letter in the calendar of their existence.

Before the festivities of the occasion were over, Jessie found herself sighing for seclusion, and it was with the joyousness of a child that she welcomed the day that was to take them to the city.

When she had attired herself for the trip, and had taken leave of her friends, she found a splendid carriage and a pair of silver greys, a present from her doating father-in-law, waiting to receive them. As Charles Winfield rolled back to the city he thought less of the influence of this new

relation on his pastoral success than of the pride he should feel in exhibiting his lovely bride to his new charge. Jessie received his gay banters with a cheerful smile, which soon gave place to more becoming seriousness of expression. She was not so thoughtless about her future. She had a high standard of excellence and piety, to which she thought a minister's wife should conform. She had enjoyed the contemplation of a pure model in her mother. She had witnessed her labors of love and self-sacrificing spirit; had heard her counsel and console, dissuade and encourage, her husband with all meekness and wisdom. Could she, like her, give to her husband the full sympathy of her heart in every good word and work when she had no love for God in her heart? Might she, after the lapse of years, when age should diminish the lustre of her eye and pale the bloom of her cheek, hear her husband say, as often she had heard her father, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Jessie was a novice in society, unacquainted to some extent with the conventionalisms of high life; yet it was declared the young minister's wife carried herself like a "born queen." Her earnest nature raised her above trifles and trifling characters, and directed her to whatever was noble and soul-elevating. Her native grace and dig-

nity gave her a matronly bearing, and did more toward the perfecting of her manners than all the vanity schools in the universe could have done.

Hers was not a character to be changed by circumstances. The sincere, amiable and generous Jessie Lovelace became the sincere, amiable and generous Mrs. Winfield. But, notwithstanding the stability of her natural character, she was vacilating in her religious opinions. Her feet had never been planted on *The Rock*. She had once been to that point where the sinner throws himself into the arms of Jesus, but temptation drew her away. Her understanding had been illuminated—her views of God, and of sin as opposition to God, had been changed. The commandment came. She saw the extent of her opposition to God. She consented to the law of God that it was good—the requirement of her maker was just—and essayed obedience to the divine laws. But the more she endeavored to conform her life to the divine pattern, the more she saw of the weakness of sinful flesh. Thus the law became a schoolmaster. It taught her of sinfulness and weakness, and should have brought her to Christ, "who is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." But most of sinners try to save them-

selves before they are willing for Christ to save them.

Instead of coming to Christ without one plea, and casting herself on Him as a guilty sinner, for mercy, and depending on him alone for mercy, without one plea to recommend her, Jessie concluded that she must bring an evangelical repentance and faith with her. Instead of this, she should have laid hold of Christ as a guilty, helpless sinner.

This laying hold of Christ is faith itself. To exercise faith before coming is impossible. Whatever relation faith may bear to repentance, it is certain no repentance is genuine that does not end in faith. We do not fully turn from sin until we embrace Christ. The one is inseparably connected with the other.

Satan often uses our knowledge of Scripture to ensnare our souls. Babes and sucklings embrace Christ, while the wise and prudent stay away. The babe is led along, step by step, until he gets into Christ, relying with simplicity on the help of God. But the intelligent sinner speculates. Says he: "I can not save myself; God must do it. Nor can I, without assistance, repent of my sins. The sinner can not produce this state of penitence in his own soul. This is the operation of the Spirit. Nor can I exercise faith by my own

unaided powers, for faith; unaccompanied by love, is worth nothing. We must believe with the heart. We must receive the truth in the love of it, and love is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given us." And thus the enlightened sinner folds his arms in a sorrow that worketh death.

The doctrine of grace contains the savor of life to the Christian, but of death to the sinner. It was thus Jessie's unsanctified knowledge kept her away from Christ. But she was not in a hopeless condition. She had embraced no lie. The sinner who simply turns a deaf ear to the calls of mercy is not in the deplorable condition of the one who is given up to believe a lie.

Had Jessie been left to herself, it is probable she would have been driven, by the lash of conscience, to the covert of Jesus. When Charles Winfield returned from the University he found her writhing in the pangs of conviction, and instead of giving the proper antidote to a sin-sick soul, he administered a poisoned narcotic that was calculated to steep her soul in the lethargy of death. While he made an idol of her beautiful person, he was destroying her soul. Campbellism is the worst form of Armenianism. The Armenian who expects to produce faith and

repentance in his own soul labors under a mistake; but still gives his consent to an evangelical faith and repentance, and it is probable he may never be satisfied till he attain to these; but Campbellism ignores the very essence of faith and repentance, and teaches a fatal error on a vital point. It teaches that faith is produced by testimony alone, ignoring the essential part of faith, which is trust, and then, with less show of reason, it perverts the meaning of repentance, making it reformation, thus changing the effect for the cause. Then, after establishing a pseudo-faith and repentance, it inverts the order, and places faith before repentance. It is certain the sinner will never come to Christ by faith until he feels his need of him, and he will never feel his need of him until there takes place such a radical change in his views and feelings as is termed repentance. And in telling the sinner he need not pray, he makes it improbable that he will ever extricate himself from his horrible situation, for God is pleased to dispense his blessings through the medium of prayer.

If Campbellism stopped right here, it were a dead letter, utterly impossible to secure the salvation of the soul. But it does not leave the sinner here. In the doctrine of baptismal remission, it administers a deadly quietus, and paralyzes every

effort of the soul after holiness. It takes the sinner to the water, and teaches him that in baptism he will pass from a state of condemnation to a state of justification. Does he experience this change? Inwardly he is worse than he was before, for to his former guilt he adds the sin of self-righteousness. Pride is abominable in the sight of God. Of how much pride is he guilty who, instead of boasting of what the cross has done for his salvation, boasts of what his baptism has effected. Instead of looking on what Christ has done, he looks to what he has done himself. There is no humility in his heart, no humble trust in Christ.

Christian baptism is the loving, joyful obedience of the renewed heart. He obeys his Master because he loves him. *The man who is baptized to secure his salvation, acts from a selfish motive to secure a selfish end. His baptism is a selfish, and therefore a wicked thing.* God looks at the heart; he weighs the motive.

Said Winfield to Jessie, when he returned from the University and found her an inquirer:

"Tell me not you want a better heart and more assurance of God's favor while you continue in disobedience. God will not bless you while you continue in disobedience." This was

true without comment; but it was not true that baptism was the act of obedience *then* required.

"They say unto him, what shall we do that we may work the works of God; and he answered, this is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." This was the work required of Jessie. The neglect of this left her in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. But she did not see the fallacy of his reasoning, and concluded that she had been presumptuous.

When Jessie Lovelace found herself in the responsible position of a minister's wife, and looked up to as an example to the flock, she concluded that she must change her course. But she had tried to get religion in the evangelical way, but failed; and now what was left her but to try the Campbellite way? Jessie was a devoted wife. Her love for her husband stopped but little short of idolatry. She was not conscious of the almost overwhelming influence he exerted over her mind. She concluded, much to her husband's joy, to be baptized. "If," said she, "that is not the way, I do not know what is. I have done everything else I can. Baptism is my only hope." (Better made Christ her only hope.)

So Jessie was baptized by her own husband. It was a day of triumph for him.

The fruit of the Spirit is joy, peace, long-suffer-

ing, gentleness, goodness, faith. Disposed, as Jessie was, to reflection, she would doubtless have found that she did not possess these, if she had been left to herself. When she expressed some doubt, she was told that she had the pledge of his love, and if she still doubted, it was her own fault.

"Have you not," said they, "complied with the terms of pardon? God has commanded you to be baptized for the remission of sins. Do you suppose he would trifle with his reasonable creatures? Do you suppose he would forfeit his word?"

With such reasoning she was lulled into a false security. Having failed to secure an evangelical faith and repentance, and believing she had done all in her power to secure these, she was induced to believe that no such thing existed. She concluded that those who held these views were under a delusion.

She believed it an innocent and harmless fanaticism, inducing the sinner to worry himself unnecessarily, yet interposing no serious obstacle to salvation.

"If," said she, "I had only accepted the easy terms of pardon, I might have been happy long ago."

Was she happy? Yes, comparatively so. True,

she had her moments of doubt, but then her tangible evidence came up. She knew she had been baptized.

When Mr. Lovelace heard of his daughter's baptism he hastened to see her, hoping to be enabled to rejoice with her.

"My daughter," said he, "do you think that God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned your sins?"

"I hope so."

"I should like to hear of the exercises of your mind, and how it was that you were enabled to trust in Christ."

"I do not know that I have had any peculiar exercises of mind."

"You said you hoped your sins were pardoned. Can you give me a reason of your hope?"

"I have complied with the terms of pardon, by being baptized."

"Is baptism the grounds of your hope?"

"I confess it is," she answered.

"Better make Christ the foundation of your hope, my child. God pardons sins for Christ's sake, and dispenses his blessings through the medium of prayer."

"Father," said she, "I have been praying a long time, and it did me no good. My sense of guilt only increased. But I have thrown my burden down in baptism. I shall not suffer my-

self to doubt. I am not going to harass my mind about the matter any more. I have done all I could. If I am still unsaved, there is no salvation for me, I am sure."

Mr. Lovelace talked long with his child, to see if, by some word or intimation, he might not infer that she was trusting to the mercy of God, as exercised toward her in Christ; but her baptism seemed to be her only hope. He went away feeling that his child had been grossly, and he feared fatally, deceived.

Mrs. Lovelace sat beside her glowing hearth, in her cosy sitting-room, waiting for her husband. How still was the house since Jessie left. How loud the clock ticked and the cat purred in the room that used to resound with Jessie's gentle laugh and light foot-step. Mrs. Lovelace gazed thoughtfully into the crackling anthracite. There was a sweet peace in her heart—a cheerful smile on her brow. Her bosom welled up with gratitude to God. "Now I know that my Maker hears and answers my prayer," was her happy thought. How often she had prayed for Jessie's conversion. That answer had tarried, but it had come at last. She was so full of the thought of Jessie's conversion she scarcely thought of the painful subject of her church relation.

"Oh," said she, "if we only get to heaven at

last, there will be no difference there." How she would love to hear an account of it. She grew half impatient, and went to the window and peeped through the snowy drapery to see if she could catch a glimpse of Mr. Lovelace's returning form. Softly and slowly she paced the room, until at last she descried him coming through the evergreens. She met him on the threshold and gently drew him to a seat, and sitting down lovingly by his side, inquired after Jessie.

"Tell me, how did she obtain peace at last? Tell me how she was converted."

"My dear," said he, I am afraid she has been deceived. They have baptized the child, and made her believe she is a Christian. Instead of finding peace, she has become indifferent."

"Oh, was it for this that we have instructed her, wept and prayed for her ever since her infancy. Oh, God! this is more than I can bear."

CHAPTER XIV.

SLAIN BY THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

Jessie, from the day of her arrival into Mr. Winfield's aristocratic church circle, was the center of attraction. Flattery was eloquent over her personal charms, and fashion expatiated on her incomparable taste. Her very expressions passed into aphorisms among the gay circles of the drawing-room, and even the aged were charmed with her solid accomplishments. Jessie, finding no substantial peace in her own mind, sought happiness in the show of externals. She did not enjoy the approbation of her own conscience, so she dreaded self-examination and avoided seclusion. She knew nothing of the comfort of religion—of the blessedness of communing with God—of living in Christ, and walking by faith. She looked forward to death with apprehension; for she could not say, like the Christian, "I know if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." True, she sometimes reasoned herself into the belief that she was a Christian, and drew the rational conclusion that she was going to heaven; but it was the fallacy of the intellect, and not the witness of the Spirit

with her spirit that she was an heir of God, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. Though she had no inner life, still she was attentive enough to the outward life of piety. She was a constant attendant on the public services of her church, an untiring laborer in the Sabbath school, and active in all benevolent enterprises.

Said a dear, unconverted friend to me once, "It seems that the best Christians are not the best church members." But busy philanthropy is very easily distinguished from earnest piety. Said Tallyrand, "I mix myself with actions, lest I wither by despair." The self-complacency that attends benevolent deeds administers a soothing anodyne to the gnawing conscience. And this is the sole reason why some interest themselves in works of righteousness.

Jessie took a natural delight in the services of the sanctuary. There was, to her, a sacredness connected with the house of God. The genteel worshipers wore a devout air. There was an awe within her that responded to the solemn reverberations of the deep-toned organ. Altogether, she seemed to be living a very religious life.

While this was her religious state, her domestic relations were of the most pleasant character. Charles Winfield was a devoted husband. Her

servants were faithful and obliging; her house afforded every comfort and convenience; her large and elegant rooms were quiet and home-like; her home seemed the sanctuary where love and tranquility had taken up their abode, though it was sometimes the scene of social rejoicing. But if their life was grave and monotonous now, it would not be so when Flora came. They looked forward to her expected visit with the most pleasing anticipations; and as the gay season of the holidays was approaching, her arrival was expected daily. Her stay among them would occasion a round of unceasing festivities. "She will surely come to-night," said Jessie, each passing evening, while she gave her personal attention to the making of Flora's appointed room comfortable. A fire was kindled in the grate, the astral lamp lighted, and the mirrors so disposed as to glow in the reflected beams. But still she came not. How often they stood at the window, in the twilight, every moment expecting to see the carriage drive up the avenue, and Flora bound out, like a fawn, from her cozy hiding place.

A letter came at length to relieve their suspense, stating that Flora was not coming. She had been thrown from her horse, and painfully, though, it was hoped, not seriously injured. But

she had grown more helpless. She, who had been so full of life, could only move as a burden to another. Of course, the hope of her visit to the city, and of her splendid debut among her doating friends, was abandoned.

It seemed Flora's accident was occasioned by her own recklessness. She delighted to exercise on horseback, and was a gay equestrienne. She rode a spirited animal, which was so fleet-footed she called him "Gazelle." Flora had a quixotic longing to be a heroine. She had read of the wonderful feats of the horse-women who engaged in the sports of falconry, and how the noble ladies in the chase could make their horses leap fences and ditches, and perform other wonderful exploits. She thought that she and Gazelle might excite admiration in some such way. So she was accustomed to dashing through Tarrington, attended by gay cavaliers, and before the natives had fairly seen the vision it was gone. On such an expedition she was thrown from her horse. She had left home wild with delight, and exulting in the exuberance of health and hope, and returned a burden in the arms of her companions, with the dark prospect of a dependent life. Her sweet visions had gone

"Like snow that falls where waters glide."

Her gay wardrobe was locked in its rosewood case and removed, that she might not be tantalized with the sight of it. She lay on her couch, in her muslin wrapper, week after week, pale and languishing. Charles Winfield and Jessie, instead of extending to her and her companions a splendid hospitality, were often called to the homestead to witness her suffering or humor her fancies. The affliction of her friends was great. After the first shock of grief was over, they began to see how unfaithful and unkind they had been to her. They had never sought for her the only true possession—the Christian's hope—and now, when earthly hope and health were gone, they saw how poor and miserable she was indeed.

But to return to Jessie. The novelty of her situation had passed away. She began to take a sober and dispassionate view of things. Though she found congeniality in the educated and fashionable circles in which she moved, they fell far below her estimate of the christian character. She tried to silence her objections by persuading herself that heart religion was a fanaticism. But she was not successful. The contrast they presented to the humble, God-fearing Christians that were embraced in the intimacies of Maplehurst was painful to her mind. She had met with but little of frivolous society at her father's house.

Those who came, came usually for prayer or religious conversation. She had been accustomed from her childhood to hear Christians talk to each other of their hopes and fears, their comforts and conflicts. They constantly interested themselves about the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom. This distinguished them from the world. But there was a different state of things among her new associates. They were ready enough to defend their views if opportunity present itself; they would discuss doctrines and creeds, and everything but the state of religion in their own hearts. When they met, socially, it was not to admonish, exhort or entreat. Experimental religion was a standing jest among them. They thought nothing more ridiculous than to hear a convert talk of being stricken down under conviction, and then exulting in a happy sense of pardon. Mrs. Winfield was often shocked at their want of reverence. A minister, in visiting their church, in speaking of spiritual influence, declared he carried his Holy Ghost in his pocket (meaning his Bible). Another reproved an old man, who had been a Baptist, for asking God for his Holy Spirit. "Why," said he, "we will send up to the book-sellers and get you several copies of it, if you wish." Jessie saw that earnest piety was the great want of the church. Their religion,

which was an outward reformation, was like the sign-board at the inn. From time immemorial it had hung before the door of the humble inn, with a great bear painted on it to attract attention. By-and-by the humble inn was transformed into a modern hotel, and the old sign-board had to be renovated, too. So it was whitewashed, and a beautiful green willow tree made to wave over it.

A few years rolled by, and the paint was dimmed by the rain and sun, and then the old bear could be seen grinning through the branches of the willow tree. And so the whitewash of reformed life, for awhile, hides the bear of an unsanctified nature in the heart; but in a few years friction with the world will rub off enough of the whitewash to let him be seen again. Jessie was scarcely conscious she felt so. She acknowledged that her prejudices were constantly assailed, and her religious sense outraged. She did not interest herself about the welfare of others. It required all the hopes of her mind to confirm her own faltering faith. Winfield was too much engrossed with his system to notice it particularly. *He was too full of head religion to care for heart religion.*

Thus things pursued the even tenor of their way for awhile. But a change was coming. One Sabbath evening, when Mr. Winfield was

absent from the city, Jessie sat in her own room, lonely and meditative. She heard the ring of the little bell of the Baptist church in an out-of-the-way part of the town. Old associations and fond reminiscences came rushing upon the mind. She thought of her home and friends. Why could she not go? She had never placed her dainty foot on its plebian floor. But if her father was there he would go. Was she any better?

She would go. Again she hesitated. Should she order the carriage? Could she not walk? Did not weary footed toil and old decrepitude walk there, and could not she? With these thoughts she started.

Lonely and pensive she treaded the long streets. She scarcely noticed the passers by till a splendid equipage came dashing up the angling street, and a cheery voice called out, "Mrs. Winfield! bravo! turned pedestrian, hey!" She looked up and saw Mrs. Frivolette, a member of their congregation. "Pray," said she, "where are you going?"

"To the Baptist church," was the quiet response.

"That is rich," she replied, with a ringing laugh. "You must be possessed with the spirit of adventure. Get in and I willl set you down there."

The offer was kindly, but firmly, refused.

"Then get in and I will go with you."

Mrs. Winfield complied, but was rallied by her gay and witty companion until they reached the church. Mrs. Frivolette then ceased her fun, saying, "They are so sanctified, I must be good."

After they were seated an old man struck up, "Amazing grace." Mrs. Frivolette looked around with a quizzical air, but she found Mrs. Winfield's eyes reverently following the lines of the hymn, which she warbled in a low, sweet tone. A tall man, with a thin, spiritual face and piercing eyes, occupied the desk. His text was, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

He argued, first, that faith was connected with a knowledge of Christ; second, that it amounted to the certainty of personal knowledge; and, third, that it was confidence in the ability of Christ, and that it reposed the keeping of the deathless spirit to him.

In his application he inquired of his hearers if they had this knowledge — this firm persuasion. It was a plain and unpretending exposition of the text, but the word came to Jessie with power and demonstration. Her eyes were open. She saw the nature of saving faith as she had never

before seen it—saw that it was personal reliance on Christ for salvation—saw that she was trusting to human means and an outward ordinance for salvation, or rather she was not trusting at all. She thought of her profane arrogance in appropriating to herself a sacred ordinance.

Thus she stood condemned at the bar of conscience, seeing clearly the way the sinner is saved, but feeling too vile to think of appropriating to herself that salvation. The sinner's remorse of conscience, under conviction, seems proportioned to his guilt. Those who enjoy but little light, with few opportunities, or who give the heart to God in childhood, do not seem to suffer the pangs of the sinner who has long sinned against light and knowledge—who has trampled under foot the blood of the new covenant. These were Jessie's sins, and this the character of her conviction.

This violence of feeling corresponded with her earnest, ardent, fervent nature. When she entered the carriage, in reply to some heartless jest about the occasion, she simply cast upon her companion a look of astonishment, which completely silenced her. But Mrs. Frivolette meditated avenging herself the first time she caught her out in society. She was determined to have her own fun out of the matter. The next day she chanced

to meet Mr. Winfield just as he was returning to the city before he had gone home. She gave him a graphic account of the affair. She described to him how she had picked Mrs. Winfield up out of the mud on her way to the church, and then made herself merry over the appearance of the worshipers and the character of the services. "And, oh," she added, "it was so rich when some old brother struck up an old fashioned hymn to hear Mrs. Winfield pitch in and help them. It was like an angel singing with blackbirds. It was so funny."

Mr. Winfield laughed over the matter, and determined to tease Jessie no little about it. So he walked home with an animated air, occasionally laughing outright at Mrs. Frivolette's description. He knew Jessie was not as decided a Campbellite as he could wish. He would like to administer confirmation. But he could not engage her in argument. She was too undecided for that, but he could compass his end by ridicule, perhaps, more effectually. He would try.

With these thoughts he ran up the stone steps and rang the door bell, expecting soon to catch the little culprit in his arms. He rang again. No one answered his summons. He grew impatient, and stepped around to a side door and entered. The house was still. He ascended the

stairs and rapped at Jessie's door. No one answered. He pushed it open and entered. Jessie did not occupy her own easy chair. He turned to the couch. Imagine his horror. There lay Jessie with dishevelled hair and burning cheeks. She sprang up in the bed, and fixed on him a wild, vacant stare. He tried to soothe her and ascertain her trouble, but she only murmured incoherent sentences about deception, baptism, condemnation. The servants were called. From them he learned that Mrs. Winfield had come home evidently distressed in mind, and refused her supper. They heard her pacing her room all night. The next morning she refused to admit them, and they had not dared to intrude on her privacy since. The physicians were summoned Jessie was pronounced ill of brain fever. The door was closed, the curtains drawn, the front gate locked, and visitors interdicted, and there followed the silence of death. Winfield was left alone with his sad and lonely watch.

CHAPTER XV.

SORROW.

"Come to the bridal chamber, Death,
* * * * * * *
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible.
The pall, the shroud, the groan, the tear,
And all we hope, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine."

It was evident to the observers that the Lovelaces were failing under the influence of grief. They received the congratulations of their friends as cruel mockery. Most people regarded them as singular and unnecessarily troubled. But notwithstanding Mr. Lovelace's private sorrow, it had no visible effect on his public ministry. He labored as earnestly for the salvation of the children of others as if his own had been led to taste of the sweetness of redeeming grace.

For none in the sphere of his labors did he feel more solicitude than for Flora Winfield. She had found him to be the kindest and most sympathizing of friends in her long and tedious confinement. She had not only learned to appreciate his friendship, but his visits were looked forward to with impatience. He selected for her the most profitable reading; drew her into long and serious

conversations with him. Flora's afflictions secured to her most exalted privileges. She had ample time for reading and meditation, and enjoyed the society of the wise and good, for the frivolous soon tire of the gloom of the sick room. It was noticed that she improved these advantages, by her increasing gentleness of disposition and rapid development of mind. There was nothing she enjoyed so much as a visit to Maplehurst. True, it was with pain she was borne to and from her carriage; but when once she was snugly fixed on the sofa in the cozy sitting room she forgot all her troubles for awhile. Had she been their own Jessie they could not have tended her with more winning assiduities.

How she learned to love them. In them she witnessed true religion, as it is developed in all the sweetness and purity of Christian life. She did not know before that Christianity was such a beautiful thing. She remarked that night and morning, during their devotion, went up a united petition for her sister-in-law's conversion. Was not Jessie a Christian? She knew she was a member of the Campbellite church. What did she lack? She became so thoughtful over the matter that they inquired the nature of her cogitations. She told them frankly. Mr. Lovelace

was glad—an opportunity had offered for him to instruct Flora on that point.

"No, my dear," said he, sorrowfully, "I fear Jessie is not a Christian, but only a professor. Campbellism is not Christianity. Christianity has to do with the inner life—Campbellism with the outward actions. Christianity is a system of salvation by grace—Campbellism is a system of salvation by works. Christianity is a religion of the heart—Campbellism a religion of the head. The Christian glories in the cross—the Campbellite in himself. No, my dear, Campbellism is not Christianity."

After this Flora was silent and thoughtful for a long time. The second anniversary of Jessie's wedding came. The friends by common consent gathered into the parsonage, though from instinctive delicacy no one mentioned the anniversary, yet all thought of it. They were both sad and restless. Mr. Lovelace strode the room with agitation. Who has not felt before a blow, an impression that it was coming? Mrs. Lovelace felt something was going to happen. A dreadful presentiment was on her mind. How often they looked down the road to Tarrington. At length a messenger came, bearing a telegram, which demanded their immediate presence at Jessie's

bedside. Mrs. Lovelace swooned. Grief had done its work on her frame. They laid her on the bed, pale and motionless. Mr. Lovelace dared not leave her. His anxiety for her was only equaled by his agonizing suspense for Jessie. Mrs. Lovelace sank into an apathy. The functions of her mind seemed as torpid as the functions of her body. Partial insensibility numbed the poignancy of her grief.

In the meantime, Jessie was sinking. She lay perfectly insensible. Charles Winfield seemed anything but a being of flesh and blood. He scarcely ate or slept. All day, and through the long night, he kept his lonely watch. Her life seemed uncertain as the flickering taper. Sometimes he bent long over her before he could catch the flutter of her failing breath. But, oh! the pangs that rent his heart. It was evidently distress of soul that had prostrated her. Said she, in a lucid interval, "You fatally deceived me. You persuaded me to believe that I was a Christian."

He staggered under the weight of this thought as though a dagger had smote him. She was dying, with a sense of condemnation on her soul. The thought forced itself upon his mind that he had been used by Satan, as an accomplice to effect her ruin. Oh, that she was rational. Per-

haps he might yet induce her to fall in with the overtures of mercy, as presented in Christ. He found that Campbellism would do for the living, but not for the dying. The soul, in the hour of death, wants some assurance of acceptance more satisfactory than its own obedience. It must feel that it is clothed upon, with the righteousness of Jesus Christ—that it is fast anchored to the Rock of Ages. Then may it realize that

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast we lay the head,
And breathe our life out sweetly there."

CHAPTER XVI.

ALIVE FROM THE DEAD.

Charles Winfield found, in this trying exigency, the great privilege of prayer. He supplicated his Maker, oh, so fervently, to spare the darling of his bosom. He saw the folly of his past course; saw how, in the pride of his intellect, he had wandered from God. The cross had lost its attractions. He had rebelled against the thought of giving all the glory of his salvation to God. He

had depended upon his powers of reasoning to save others. He had left off prayer. Temptation came, and he fell. His course in sin had been short, but brilliant. But the day of vengeance had come. He could have borne anything but this. Had he seen Jessie die, sustained by the assurance of a blessed immortality, he could have been reconciled. But to see her die thus! He vowed to God, again and again, if he would only spare his darling, he would relinquish his pride, and never glory in aught save the cross. For weeks he watched the flickering spark of life. At length the powers of nature, long taxed to their utmost, began to fail. Hope forsook his bosom. With a throbbing brow and crushed spirit he bowed his head on Jessie's pillow, praying God to take back the life which could henceforth prove but a misery. Feeble nature could hold out no longer. The watched and the watcher slept.

When Winfield awoke the sun was shining through the lattice. He started like the guard who had slept at his post. He turned, with a cry of anguish, to his wife. But Jessie was awake. Her eyes, full of rational light, were turned full upon him. She smiled, but was too weak to speak. He soothed her into repose, and noticed that she

seemed to sink into a childlike slumber, from which she awoke sweetly refreshed. His heart welled over with gratitude to God. Now he knew he was a prayer-hearing God. He wondered that he had ever doubted. He loved his Redeemer as he had never done since he first realized the forgiveness of sins. What did he care now for popular applause? He felt that he could follow Christ through floods and flames. He was willing now to renounce the worldly system for which he had exchanged his first love.

The happy days wore on. Jessie was slowly but surely regaining her strength. At length they attired her in her crimson wrapper, and carried her down stairs and placed her on the sofa in their sitting room. How happy he was. He had regained his jewel. But that was not all he gained. The Lord had restored unto him the joy of his salvation. He had also obtained an experimental knowledge of a false system. He had gone, like Goliah, to wrestle, single-handed, and had been overcome. He knew now how to sympathize with and succor the tempted. He had also learned his dependence on the Spirit of God for help in the hour of temptation. Jesssie found the days of her convalescence the happiest of her life. Her pride and self-righteousness were gone.

She became as teachable as a little child. On one occasion, when Mr. Winfield read the fifth chapter of Romans, she exclaimed: "How remarkable, that in this whole chapter on justification there is not one word about baptism. We are plainly said to be justified by faith. How can the Reformers overlook this?"

She saw how God could be just and yet the justifier of him that believeth. She knew she could never be anything but a poor sinner, and if she was ever saved, it would be because God was willing to accept of the righteousness of Christ instead of her's, and so she concluded to give the matter to him altogether.

It was not worth while to wait until she was better. God was willing and able "to save to the uttermost." That must include her. With this trust in her heart, she obtained a peace past all understanding. When she had so far recovered that Mr. Winfield could leave her, she found it pleasant to meditate in solitude. Truly the law of the Lord became her delight. In the days of her darkness she could make melody with her lips, but now, when her lips were mute, she could make melody in her heart to the Lord.

Mrs. Lovelace so far recovered that Mr. Lovelace, deeply anxious about his daughter, hastened

to the city. He knew nothing of the exercises of Jessie's mind since her baptism, and consequently, though delighted to find her improving in health, feared that she had a worse disease of the soul. He never remembered to have seen her countenance so radiant in health. There was a look of inexpressible joy in her eyes, while beams of divine love played over her face. Her father asked her the cause of this.

"Oh," said she, "father, I am so happy because I love Jesus. I love him so much for what he has done for poor sinners, and for what he has done for me. I am afraid I shall never be anything but a poor wicked sinner as long as I live, but he has promised to save the chief of sinners, and I have resigned the matter of my salvation entirely into his hands. I do not believe he will disappoint me."

Her father was overjoyed.

"This is more than I expected, not only to find you getting well, but converted."

"What did you say, father? Do you think I am converted? Is this religion?"

"Yes, the very essence of it—this reliance on Jesus."

"But I am a sinner."

"So are all Christians in one sense, yet in another they are holy, for Christ has become the

end of the law for righteousness to them that believe."

"Why," said she, "if conversion is such a simple thing, what kept me from being converted before?"

"Nothing but unbelief."

"I have known these facts a long time."

"Yes, but you never trusted Christ. When you saw that he was able and willing, and you trusted your all to him, then were you converted."

Just then a couple of carriages drove up, and several ladies, members of the congregation, came in.

Jessie raised herself into an upright position, and began to tell them what God had done for her.

"I have found him of whom Moses in the Law, and the prophets wrote. God hath brought me out of an horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and set my feet on the Rock, and put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God. Oh, let me entreat you to put your trust in this Savior, who is willing and able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him. Baptism will not bring you to Christ. I know it will not. I have tried it. You must come by faith. Come just as you are. I know how you feel. You are not only condemned by the righteous law of God, but you

are condemned by your own consciences. God has never given you the witness of the Spirit that you are heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. Oh, never rest satisfied till you have this assurance."

Here Mr. Lovelace drew her down to her pillow, and gently bade her be silent, as she had talked enough.

Still she would occasionally clasp her hands and exclaim, "Blessed Jesus! precious Savior! glorious hope!"

It was anything but a pleasing scene to the worldly-minded religionists. They soon found it convenient to leave. And I imagine if they could go to heaven they would feel just so. There would be too much heart religion there to suit mere professors. After they left they pronounced her unbalanced, and wondered if she would ever regain her equilibrium. Mrs. Frivolette declared she was always too enthusiastic to suit her notions. Others, however, said nothing. She had touched a sore place when she spoke of their self-condemnation. The truths she uttered proved, with some, to be seed sown in good ground, which eventually brought forth fruit.

Jessie now began to know something of that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory. She had questioned the existence of heart-religion,

but she could do it no more after her blissful realization. Such glorious transports, such raptures inexpressible, none but Christians know. The natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit, for they are foolishness unto him. He laughs at the recital of Christian experience. Feeding on husks, with the swine, he disbelieves the story he hears of the rich feasts spread in the house of the king. But Christians of all ages have testified to the sweetness of redeeming love.

Said the gifted Cowper: "Unless the Almighty arm had been under me, I think I should have died with gratitude and joy. My eyes filled with tears, and my voice choked with transport; I could only look up to heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder. * * * Thus was my heavenly Father in Christ Jesus pleased to give me the full assurance of faith, and out of a stony and unbelieving heart to raise up a child unto Abraham. How glad I should have been to have spent every moment in prayer and thanksgiving. I lost no opportunity of repairing to a throne of grace, but flew to it with an earnestness irresistible, and never to be satisfied. Could I help it? Could I do otherwise than love and rejoice in my reconciled Father in Christ Jesus? The Lord had enlarged my heart, and I ran in the way of his commandments. For many succeed-

ing weeks tears were ready to flow if I did but speak of the gospel or mention the name of Jesus. To rejoice day and night was all my employment. Too happy to sleep much, I thought that it was lost time that was spent in slumber."

Here Cowper "tells his experience," and many a Christian will recognize in it the principal points of his own. Reader, do you know anything of the Christian's joy?

Mr. Lovelace's joy was doubled when he found that Mr. Winfield would be present at the next Tarrington church meeting to make acknowledgments.

"And what are you going to do, my daughter?"

"I want you to come to the city to baptize me when I get well enough."

"Why, have you not been baptized?"

"Father," said she, do not speak of it. It was the act of my proud and rebellious heart. Instead of coming to Christ to save me, I rejected him, and made use of an ordinance to save myself. But baptism did not take away my hard heart of unbelief. It did not create holy desires. Indeed, I was not changed, for I was not trusting Christ."

"I think," said her father, "you are right. I only put the question to learn your sentiments. I believe none but the renewed have any right to baptism. The commission forever establishes

the order of baptism. 'Go ye into all the world, and teach (or disciple) all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father,' etc. They must be disciples before baptism. None but the disciple should take on himself the badge of discipleship. Faith and repentance come before baptism. Sometimes it is, Believe and be baptized, and sometimes it is, Repent and be baptized. But faith and repentance are inseparable. It is hard to tell where one begins and the other ends.

"The sinner can perform no acceptable service. Every act not performed with an eye single to the glory of God is sinful. Consequently the baptism of the unconverted is sinful. But, my child, why not come to Tarrington to be baptized?"

"Father, it was this people that witnessed my disobedience, and I want them to witness my obedience, and to know what I think of Campbellite baptism."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GOOD CONFESSION.

Mr. Lovelace returned home with the joyful news of Mrs. Winfield's double cure. It was the elixir to Mrs. Lovelace. Mr. Lovelace declared that she was regaining the joyousness of her childhood. The news of Jessie's contemplated visit sent a thrill of joy through the community. Her life had been to the villagers a pleasant and lovely thing. Her expected appearance at Tarrington alone invested the coming meeting with peculiar interest. Accordingly, next Saturday, when the old bell sent out its solemn peals, many a Christian joyfully answered its summons to the old church.

Charles Winfield was there; but Jessie, overcome by the fatigues of her journey, was nestled in her own cosy room, attended by all the assiduities of affection. When the door of the church was opened Charles Winfield presented himself and confessed that he had been a wanderer. He now asked the forgiveness of the church. They were dumb with astonishment. That the proud and gifted Winfield, whose bright but erratic course among them had struck consternation to their hearts—that he, with all the power of his

learning and wealth, should have bared his head before the humble Tarrington church, with the meekness of a child, was an instance of moral sublimity seldom witnessed. Old father Winters moved that the brother be restored to the fellowship of the church, adding that we are commanded to forgive a brother "seventy times seven," should he so often turn and say, "I repent," which motion called forth an unanimous vote.

After Winfield was received, an enthusiastic young brother proffered his hand, saying:

"My brother, I hope you will be a Boanerges in the Baptist ranks, a real son of thunder in the ministry."

"Stop," said brother Winters, "he is not in the ministry yet. He was appointed by the Campbellite society. Has it a right to appoint elders? Not unless it is the church of Jesus Christ. Christ established but one Church. If that was the Campbellite church it was not the Baptist church, and *vice versa*. Both can not be churches of Jesus Christ. Either one or the other is a schism, and has no right to administer the ordinances, or confer ordination. The claims of this society to being a valid church is derived from the Baptist church, which is a poor claim, inas-

much as they are excluded members of our church. Now, if they may baptize and appoint elders, so may our excluded members. What do you say, brethren? May our excluded members baptize and appoint elders?"

It was decided that they could not; whereupon some one moved that Charles Winfield be ordained to preach the Gospel, which resulted in an unanimous vote. His ordination was attended to on the occasion, as other ministering brethren were present.

The next day it was announced that Mrs. Winfield would be baptized in the city. The announcement was made in Tarrington, so that her friends could have an opportunity to go, if they wished to witness the rite.

Jessie's conversion and coming baptism made quite a stir in the city and country around, and many were preparing to witness the ordinance. The next Sabbath the little Baptist church was crowded to its utmost capacity, while many waited without in vehicles until the procession should move to the river. Among those who waited in carriages was Flora Winfield, who, though unable to alight, yet felt so much interest in the matter she could not be satisfied to remain at home, but came along, with her own and Jes-

sie's parents. So beautiful and spiritual did she look, as she reclined in her carriage, that the passer-by involuntarily stopped to take a second look at the fair young girl. Among those who remarked her lovely appearance was the strange young minister who preached on Jessie's first visit to the Baptist church. He had made a flying visit to the city and preached; while many remembered his sermon, few remembered his name. He had heard the rumor of Jessie's baptism, and determined to make it convenient to witness it on his return. He was making his way through the dense crowd to the door of the church when his eye chanced to light on Flora. He recognized her immediately. That lovely face had haunted him for years. Through toil, and pain, and privation, and sorrow, he had turned to it still, but only as the poor exile turns to gaze on the receding light on the shore. He turned sorrowfully away, and would have passed on, but he heard a gentle voice calling him by a familiar name. Flora recognized him, and, with the sensitiveness of the invalid, could not bear to see him pass her with such indifference. Tears sprang to the poor girl's eyes as she thought of the past, with all its radiant dreams, and the present, with all its pain and hopelessness.

Bernard, true still to a sense of duty, lingered

but a few moments, as he was unwilling to remain in hearing of divine service to talk to a friend, though it were his best friend. He arrived just in time to hear Jessie relate her experience, and felt fully recompensed for the sacrifice of feeling he had made. Said she:

"As to my first religious impressions I have no recollection. I was the subject of these in childhood. But the first impressions of an evangelical character was made on my mind during a season of religious interest in Tarrington. I was then led to see the danger and folly of living in a state of rebellion against God, and determined to seek the salvation of my soul. I had been carefully instructed in the principles of our holy religion from childhood, and I knew that the grand requirements of the Gospel was repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, so I determined to repent of sin and turn to the Lord. Here I found an unforseen difficulty. I found it hard to repent of sin when I loved sin. It was hard for me to turn to the Lord when I I was averse to holiness. The more I tried to turn to God, the more I saw of my sinfulness and the danger of my condition. Having thus gained the knowledge of the corruption of my heart, it is likely I should have been led to see my utter inability to do anything to accomplish my own

salvation and lay hold of Christ as my only hope, but right here I was met by the specious error of Campbellism—baptismal remission. I knew baptism was for the remission of sins in some sense or other. As I thought I had tried to obtain remission in the evangelical way and failed, I was induced to believe that the evangelical teaching on the subject was erroneous. So I resorted to baptism to be put into a saving relation to Christ. Up to the time of my baptism I had never trusted Christ, and certainly in the act itself I was not led to do so. I arose out of the water as I went in, an unbeliever. Indeed, my baptism served to confirm me in a state of unbelief. I looked to it as a condition of remission, instead of looking to the blood of Jesus Christ. But I was not suffered to rest quietly in this fatal delusion. By a plain exposition of the truth, I was led to see that I was living without hope and without God in the world. By simply considering the plan of salvation, as revealed in the New Testament, I was led to the cross as the sinner's only hope. I know I have a firm foundation for my faith. I know that none are safe whose feet are not planted on the Rock. I believe my former baptism was an act of rebellion against God, therefore I ask Christian baptism at your hands."

Jessie Lovelace was warmly received, and the

audience immediately repaired to the water's edge to witness the rite of baptism. The spot selected was in the midst of beautiful and imposing scenery. Above, the rushing tide came pouring through its adamantine walls like a woof of silver thread; but here it grew placid, and was confined by a gentle acclivity on either side. There was a deathlike silence when Jessie appeared, with a radiant face, leaning on her father's arm—

> "When, with a firm, unfaltering step,
> The watery path she trod,
> And gave, with woman's deathless trust,
> Her being up to God;
> And when from 'neath the yielding wave,
> She rose like lily stem,
> Methought that spotless brow might wear
> An angel's diadem."

As soon as Charles Winfield had identified himself with the little city church he was chosen pastor. For several Sabbaths curiosity brought out large audiences, but the novelty soon wore off, and he found himself almost without hearers. He realized that he was not on the popular side, but he believed he was on the Lord's side, so he persevered. He found he could not so successfully recommend heart religion as head religion. It is not so popular with the wicked world. But Charles Winfield was too enthusiastic to be deterred by trifles. He was instant in season and

out of season. He went among the rich and the poor, to the hovel and the mansion, with the glad tidings of salvation. And the blessing of the Lord accompanied his faithful labors. The congregation slowly but steadily increased, until eventually he found himself pastor of a large and influential church. The humble brick soon gave place to a commodious structure, really beautiful, yet in keeping with the simplicity and solidity of an early faith.

And Jessie, she, too, was working in the vineyard with a new purpose. When she became a Baptist, the "refined" circles in which she had moved, and in which she had moved a queen, mostly discarded her society. This was what she expected. She cared but little for it. But to insult had been added injury. It was cruelly asserted that her mind was affected, and that Mr. Winfield had became a Baptist because he feared to oppose her prejudices might increase her malady. This was widely circulated, until at last it was brought to Mrs. Winfield by some kind, but injudicious friend. Mrs. Winfield was stricken. From her birth she had been loved and sheltered as a flower, and this was the first time the rude blast had ever reached her. She had never heard an unkind word beneath her father's roof. Since then she had been a

loved, caressed, and almost worshiped wife. When she tearfully named the report to Mr. Winfield, he was at first amused, but he found she was too deeply pained for jesting. It was hard for him to understand her sensitiveness, accustomed as he was to the rude contact with the world. He represented to her that no one ever took an important step without encountering opposition; that her Master was slandered and called a wine-bibber and a glutton. You are no better than he was. Are you not willing to endure this for your Master's sake?" She rallied, and seemed to think no more of it, but her charities were sent through an unseen channel. Winfield missed her coöperation, still he could hardly wonder that with her native refinement she should shrink from contact with the mixed masses among whom he labored. He was pained to observe that she had but little society beyond her own household, but that was of the most pleasant character.

Flora remained with them. Since her affliction she had become amiable and altogether companionable, revealing the character of the true woman. Bernard Holt must have regarded some body so about the house from the frequency of his visits. How strangely the young minister seemed attracted to that side of the room where

Flora lay on the sofa, helpless, yet beautiful. How often he thought the cushions needed arranging, or the shawl adjusting; and how naturally Flora gave him back the smile of grateful affection. And, after awhile, when Mrs. Winfield went out daily, how kindly Bernard offered to sit with Flora till her return.

But affairs had taken an inexplicable turn. It was strange that Flora should have grown paler and weaker before she left home, though every remedy was used for her restoration. But now, when she had abandoned all remedies, her eyes grew brighter, and her cheek redder every day. She could even lift herself up on the sofa. It was also strange that Bernard Holt should be so concerned that Flora should have the best medical advice when she was nothing to him.

It was strange, too, that Mrs. Winfield, from being the veriest recluse, spent so much of her time from home. But Mr. Winfield soon found out an explanation of this, in the increased number of scholars in the Sabbath school—the larger attendance in the prayer meeting, and the presence of some old friends during his Sabbath ministrations. Jessie had been sorely tempted. With the finest sensibility, she shrank from contact with the rude and unfeeling, and yet writhed under a sense of neglected duty. But, by the grace

of God, she at last overcame her trepidation, and decided to make a sacrifice of feeling for her Master's cause. She went forth weeping, but she returned bearing her sheaves with her. With a heart full of love to God, she had gone to her former religious friends, and reasoned and expostulated with them in regard to the sin and danger of their condition. She found some already under conviction, having had no peace since they heard her tell of the love of God in her heart. Others were offended, and some simply annoyed. But she was a thousand times repaid in the consciousness of having discharged her duty. The sweet peace that passed all understanding, which filled her heart, was more than a counterpart for all the pain she had felt for wounded sensibility.

And Flora's rapidly improving health was the result of the elasticity of the youthful frame, under the influence of hope and happiness. The young girl had never forgotten her pious lover. Bernard's solicitude was explained some months afterwards, when he asked Flora if she was now willing to be a "poor minister's wife," and received her candid response, that she was not only willing to be a minister's wife, but by the grace of God she intended to try to walk with him in all the ordinances of the Lord, blameless.

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